

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

No. 4147, Vol. 159
20 APRIL, 1935

is not now permitted
The ~~Only~~ Paper that ~~Does~~ to Tell You ~~All~~ The Truth

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS	481-484	THE DINING-ROOM—"Fish-Hawk"	495
GERMANY'S ECONOMIC FITNESS FOR WAR— "Anglo-European"	485-486	THE SUGAR SCANDAL—W. G. Freeman	496-497
THE "FREEDOM" OF THE PRESS—Kim	486-487	MISLEADING TRIALS—David Learmonth	498
STRESSES AT STRESA—Saturday Reviewer	487-488	EVE IN PARIS	499
ECONOMICS—Hamadryad	488	CORRESPONDENCE	500-501
THE GAME OF MAKE-BELIEVE—Robert Machray	489	BOOK REVIEWS	502
A SHORT-SIGHTED AIR POLICY—Lieut. Owen Cathcart Jones, F.R.G.S., R.N. (Retd.)	490-491	THEATRE NOTES	503
BELGRAVE SQUARE—E. Beresford Chancellor	492-493	MOTORING—Sefton Cummings	504
REVELATIONS BY A FORMER OFFICIAL—Special Correspondent	493-494	EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK	505-509
MENTOR TO QUEEN VICTORIA	494-495	CITY	511
		CINEMA—Mark Forrest	512
		BROADCASTING—Alan Howland	512

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

"Forbidden to write my views, I am giving the views of others which coincide with my own, culled from many different sources."

LUCY HOUSTON.

**

Reductio Ad . . . ?

The reading of a letter by Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., from Mr. Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, caused much laughter at the annual meeting of the Birmingham Unionist Association. Passages were:

"I am up to my eyes in surplus"—(laughter)—"and simply do not know what to do with it." (More laughter.)

"I may tell you, however, that I have decided to reduce—" (here Mr. Amery paused and then continued) "but this must be absolutely between you and me." (Renewed laughter.)

Daily Mail.

We respectfully bring to the notice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer the fact—ignored by Members of the Government—that England has no proper and adequate Defences—no Army, no Navy and no Air Force.

**

Morrison Spills the Beans

In June, 1933, Mr. Herbert Morrison, now Socialist leader of the London County Council, joined a tour to Russia arranged by the Workers' Travel Association.

The Association held a "Russian reunion dinner" in London last night. At that dinner Mr. Morrison used remarkable words.

He said, according to the *Daily Herald*, that after his Russian visit "he found himself increas-

ingly in agreement with the Russian Communist. Their beliefs and outlook on socialisation and how to run it did him a tremendous amount of good."

Mr. Morrison's fellow-members of the Socialist Party will want to know whether this utterance is to be interpreted as a gesture of goodwill towards the "united front" with Communism, which proposal most of them regard with repugnance.



London ratepayers will also feel that Mr. Morrison owes them an explanation. To what extent does he propose to demonstrate his agreement with the Russian Communist in directing the affairs of the L.C.C.?

Evening Standard.

**

The Latest Indian Murder

Mr. L. W. H. D. Best, aged 38, British political agent in the Malakand State on the frontier, and son of the late Dr. Best and Mrs. Best, of Sandgate, Kent, has been killed by North-West Frontier tribesmen.

Mr. Best lost his life while riding out in an attempt to make peace with the tribesmen two hours before his wife sailed from Bombay.

The trouble in which Mr. Best was killed started when the troops of the "Mad" Fakir of Alingar filtered across the Swat River into the Agra salient of the frontier.

Hostilities which began by a determined attack on British forces, culminated on Thursday in a pitched battle near Loe Agra.

The British column concentrated five miles south of Loe Agra. Mr. Best accompanied the column.

When the two forces neared each other Mr. Best, accompanied by an escort of six men, rode forward in the hope of meeting the tribesmen and negotiating with them to prevent further fighting. Suddenly a volley was heard—the party had been ambushed.

Mr. Best was shot in the side and died later. Three members of his escort were also wounded. On the enemy's side at least 18 tribesmen are reported to have been killed.

The funeral of Mr. Best was held in Peshawar with full military honours.

Daily Mail.

What a feather in Sir Samuel Hoare's cap!

The White Paper, already saturated and dripping with the blood of Englishmen, can now add another Briton's life to its gory record.

Faithful as a Dog

TOKYO.

A dog has been buried here by sixteen priests, according to the rites of Buddhism, and mourned by the whole nation.

Hachiko, the dog, belonged to a Dr. Hidesaburo Ueno, and used to accompany his master to the station at Shibuya when he went to work in the mornings, and met him in the evenings when he came home.

Eleven years ago Dr. Ueno died, and was buried in Aoyama cemetery. Every day since then Hachiko went to the station to meet his master—who never came. He became famed throughout Japan as an example of devotion. School books told his story; he appeared on the screen; and last year a bronze statue of him was erected outside the station where he kept his lonely vigil for so long.

One day Hachiko was found lying ill. The efforts of five veterinary surgeons were unavailing and he died, of heart failure.

His master's widow attended his funeral, and 25 wreaths, 200 bunches of flowers and innumerable telegrams and letters of condolence testified to the place he held in the nation's heart.

Hachiko lies in a little grave at the side of his master.—Reuter.

Morning Post.

Now We Know!

"What is the common cold?" asks Dr. Ernest Ward, Hon. Secretary of the Joint Tuberculosis Council, in a memorandum in the "Lancet," and he answers the question himself as follows:



"It is an endemic virus disease accompanied by coryza, pharyngitis, tracheitis, and some bronchitis, and complicated after the first infection by the growth of various other parasitic organisms, such as pneumococcus, streptococcus, staphylococcus, micrococcus catarrhalis, and Pfeiffer's bacillus."

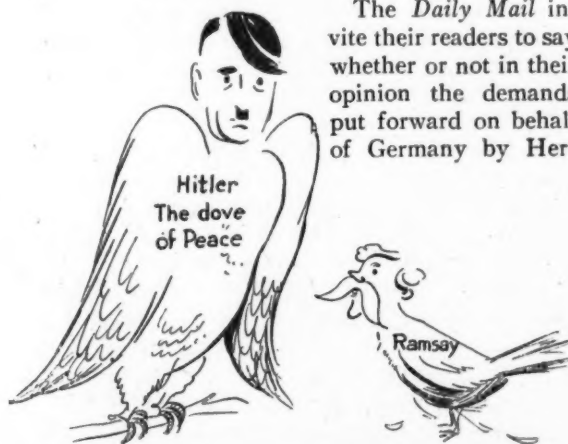
Morning Post.

So now we know!

A Hitler Questionnaire

Readers of *The Daily Mail* are showing intense interest in the opportunity given them to express their opinion on the most vital international question of the day.

The *Daily Mail* invite their readers to say whether or not in their opinion the demands put forward on behalf of Germany by Herr



Hitler are reasonable and should be granted.

Lady Houston's opinion was published in the *Daily Mail* last Monday in a letter addressed to the Editor as follows:

"SIR,—Does Germany care whether we approve or disapprove of her demands?

"Already armed to the teeth and with every intention to go on arming, what does it matter to her what we in England think? England, the only country that talks peace, peace when there is no peace.

"If England had stuck to the policy that in our glorious past kept peace in Great Britain

and the peace of the world—when her Navy was twice as powerful as any other Navy—Germany would never have dared to become so aggressive. But Hitler in Germany is loved because he has put Germany 'on top,' while instead of 'Up and up and up,' England has been dragged down and down and down to the lowest depths ever known before in the history of this dear land. And the Government, we suppose, euphemistically call this—a policy!"

LUCY HOUSTON.

Storms at Stonehaven

Lord Stonehaven, Chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation, was subjected to searching cross-examination on the activities of the National Publicity Bureau at yesterday's meeting of the Central Council of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations.

The delegates displayed a firm determination that control of the Conservative Central Office should not be allowed to pass out of the hands of the Party.

A feeling of grave uneasiness was not dispelled by such explanations as Lord Stonehaven was able to offer.

Many delegates afterwards declared that they had been more impressed by his reticence and his manifest lack of information on important aspects of the question than by any positive statement he had made.

The subject was introduced by Lord Stonehaven himself in anticipation of trouble to come. His object, he began, was to correct some "mistaken ideas" which had appeared in the Press.

His object, he began, was to correct some "mistaken ideas" which had appeared in the Press. At no time did he suggest that the facts which had given rise to the ideas he wished to correct had been inaccurately stated.

He first traced the history of the origin of the National Publicity Bureau as it had been confided to him "a short time ago" by Sir Kingsley Wood, Postmaster-General, and one of the triumvirate which directs the Bureau. He described it as "a purely temporary organisation" which would cease to operate at the General election.

The purpose of the Bureau, he said, was to carry on propaganda on behalf of the National Government, and its intention was "to work in the closest possible co-operation with the three Party organisations supporting the National Government."

Finally, he gave the following assurances:

"The Bureau will have no authority whatever over the Central Office, and our Propaganda Department will remain completely free to issue any propaganda it requires, including magazines, leaflets, pamphlets, and posters."

Of the *Popular Pictorial*, the monthly broadsheet of the Central Office which it is intended to supplant by a broadsheet to be published by the Bureau, he said nothing at this stage.

The Pact

If you want a certain absolutely exact—
Way—To put England right on her back,
Make a thing called a "Pact"—that is
never a Fact—
With Nations armed to the teeth *with all that*
we lack.

L.H.

Nor did he qualify his claim of unrestricted freedom for the Central Office Propaganda Department by any reference to the doctrines on which the National Labour Party is now insisting.

The first direct challenge to Lord Stonehaven came from Earl Howe. He asked:—

Can Lord Stonehaven assure us that in what is contemplated—the new National Party organisation—there will be no interference in what may be described as our purely Party propaganda?—There is to be no interference with the Conservative propaganda.

Has there been any censorship or alteration of our film propaganda in consequence of the setting up of the Bureau?—There has been the same sort of alteration of the film propaganda that occurred before the films were sent out in the very satisfactory campaign carried out last year.

[The campaign to which Lord Stonehaven referred was one undertaken by the Central Office on behalf of the Government, and financed by National funds. (Meaning Conservative)].



Whether any of our Conservative Party publications have been suppressed since this Bureau came into being?—We have recently started a monthly issue of a four-page broadsheet, the *Popular Pictorial*, and that has been successful. But I understand that the Bureau intend to issue an eight-page broadsheet. If constituencies prefer the Bureau's broadsheet, they can have it.

He appeared to disregard entirely the injunction of the Executive in their report that constituencies should "do everything in their power to arrange distribution" of the Central Office broadsheet. Also, he made no reference to the plan to offer the Bureau's broadsheet to the constituencies at a price with which the Central Office will be unable to compete.

Sir Henry Page Croft, in an appeal for Conservative propaganda literature, complained of

the omission of the name of the Party from many of its publications.

"There is far too much repetition of the idea that the word 'Conservative' is eliminated from the literature," Lord Stonehaven complained. "It is a lie."

In order to be able to judge authoritatively, I afterwards called at the Central Office book-stall and took a copy of each of 40 recently issued leaflets which I found displayed there. On only two of them have I been able to find the word "Conservative"—and they are modestly concealed, incidental references to the Party.

Morning Post.

We quoted facts in the last number of the *Saturday Review* giving the exact voting figures in the last General Election.

Consequently, we have every right to ask what exactly the Conservative mandarins mean by suppressing the name of the Party which put them in power, and also, whose money paid for this very "Impropaganda."

In case anyone may not have read these figures before, we propose to publish them prominently in the *Saturday Review* every week until they can be learnt by heart.

In the present House of Commons there are :—

Conservatives	-	-	-	461
National Liberals	-	-	-	35
National Socialists	-	-	-	13

At the General Election in 1931 the following were the votes received by the above parties :—

Conservatives	11,926,000
National Liberals	809,000
National Socialists	343,000

Sense at Stresa

Mussolini caused a sensation at the start of the Stresa Three-Power Conference to-day by a declaration in his newspaper, *Popolo d'Italia*. The article said:

To-day at Isola Bella, the first meeting of the heads of the British, French and Italian Governments takes place.

However, this does not mean that Stresa will ensure perpetual peace. This depends chiefly on someone who is not represented at Stresa.

Somebody may ask: "If there will be no war or no peace, what then will come from this Stresa gathering?"



It may be replied that a communiqué will result which, barring the unforeseen, cannot but be an announcement of a general or consultative character, considering that consultation IS THE LATEST DEVICE TO BE DISCOVERED BY INDECISION.

The Italian plan, which concerns Italians, and which Italians must know, is to maintain, until the sky is definitely clear, a force of 600,000 men with the colours, to equip this force with the most modern weapons, and to hasten air and sea construction.

Evening Standard.

The Lesson of History

The recent decision of Germany to re-arm, in spite of her contract to abstain from doing so in the Versailles Treaty, is another blow to our hopes for the peace of Europe. Again we hear the rattling of the sabre, and again we must take our minds back to the warnings given to us by the late Field-Marshal Earl Roberts.

Those of us who are old enough to remember the pre-war days will bear in mind that he urged upon us the necessity of being armed and ready for European war. The pacifists took no heed of these warnings. Had they done so, and had England possessed an army sufficient for her needs, there would have been no Great War.

History is about to repeat itself. The Prime Minister and Mr. Baldwin have both demonstrated clearly that our attempts at disarmament in Europe have not had the desired results, and that it is incumbent on Great Britain to be prepared for any emergency.

The pacifist would possibly like to uphold the rights and dignity of the Empire by means of Notes, such as President Wilson sent during the Great War, and we know what effect such Notes had. We have the greatest Empire the world has ever known, and this Empire was brought into being by the strong right arm of England, and it is the strong right arm of England which will be called upon to defend the Empire.

The National Citizen.

Germany's Economic Fitness for War

By "Anglo-European"

ALL that has occurred since 16 March, when Herr Hitler bluntly announced that Germany had decided to re-arm, and re-arm to the teeth, whatever other nations may think or whatever the Versailles Treaty may say, suggest that—in Great Britain, at least—the man in the street has scarcely yet awakened to the serious nature of the new situation which has been created throughout Europe by this declaration. In Italy and France the matter has from the first been viewed much more seriously. It is realised in both countries that Germany's declaration means war in the near future unless the Powers whose whole policy, since 1918, has shown their determination to maintain European peace forthwith apply preventive measures which will make any fresh breach impossible.

Another European war in the near future is no longer a mere possibility but a grim certainty, unless the statesmen now meeting at Stresa decide on measures that will prevent Germany from starting another conflict when she is ready. For the moment there is no reason for alarm as to the possibility of German aeroplanes appearing again over either London or Paris, but it is practically certain that in due course, unless Great Britain promptly decides on the policy she intends to adopt, Germany will be ready to strike again. French statesmen, who know something of the real facts, are satisfied that Germany will probably not be "ready" until the second half of 1936, and there is a widespread belief that even then it is quite likely Germany's chosen victim will be some other country than France. On this occasion the German war party realises that, outside the Reich, treaties are still something more than scraps of paper. Had they been as sure of this twenty years ago there might have been no Great War and no American-made Versailles Treaty to harbour the seeds of potential future conflicts.

Immunity Against Blockade

Another European war, due to German aggression, is undoubtedly (subject to the aforesaid qualification) being planned for the near future, but Germany is not yet ready. Neither her army nor her air fleet is yet fit for warfare. Her navy must, in any circumstances, be a purely negligible quantity for probably another ten years, but what use can a navy be to her, when it can so easily and speedily be replaced by an air force? One of the principal reasons why Germany is not yet ready, however, is that she realises that, after the experience of her previous adventure, she must create a complete internal economic organisation which will render her, for all practical purposes, immune against another blockade of the kind that

for four years cut off the bulk of her supplies of foodstuffs and other raw materials.

Since 1918 the German military leaders have always insisted, rightly or wrongly, that the Allied sea and land blockade of the Central Empires was the main cause of their defeat. This view is partly well-founded, although partly based on a desire to ascribe the collapse to other than real causes. The fact that their chemists were able, in spite of the blockade, to draw from the air, during the greater part of the War, all the nitrates that were required for the explosives, taught them a lesson of which their leaders made careful note—even before the late War ended—for use when preparing for the next aggression. Recent articles in certain German military and other technical reviews have revealed that in this direction the technicians of the Reich have already put into operation many ingenious plans aimed at making the country largely self-supporting, and that many others are being feverishly but secretly perfected.

Now Self-supporting

Herr Hans Steinberger, in an article which, in the circumstances, may be regarded as official, explains that the question of food supply in war-time, which was the problem to which the Government gave attention immediately after the armistice, may now be regarded as solved. Wheat production, he states, has been increased to a point at which the country can now depend on growing more than is required for normal consumption. For the past two years Germany has been able to do without imported corn, and henceforth she can count on a surplus of around 100,000 tons a year. Home production of meat is now sufficient to meet from 90% to 95% of consumption requirements. One of Herr Steinberger's most curious statements, however, is that, owing to the impossibility of producing, in war-time, sufficient fodder for the country's livestock, the vast bulk of the latter would be slaughtered soon after the commencement of hostilities, and the whole population would have to follow a strict vegetarian régime! Herr Steinberger urges his fellow Aryans to accept such a sacrifice for patriotic reasons. He goes so far as to point out—and this seems to be a weak spot in the plan—that human life can be adequately sustained on a steady diet of bread and potatoes, and accompanies this with the rider that, after all, for true German patriots, meat, butter and eggs are "merely superfluous luxuries."

The clothing problem has apparently been solved with much less difficulty. Germany has hitherto produced barely 10% of the raw materials required by her textile industries. The shortage it is planned to make up during war-time by

increasing the output of artificial silk to 100,000,000 tons a year, multiplying flax production by 15, and, above all, by largely extending the utilisation of timber, "which must constitute, during war, the essential source of raw material for the German textile industries." The intensification of artificial silk is doubly attractive, by reason of the fact that such factories "can be so easily transformed into plants for increasing the output of explosives and poison gas," as the Nazi newspaper, *Der Angriff*, recently pointed out. Timber, apparently, will also be used to provide materials for the paper suits of clothes, dresses, underclothing and hats for both sexes similar to those which were perforce fashionable in Germany twenty years ago.

The petrol difficulty, which will be a vital factor for all countries in any future war, Germany has already largely solved by utilising a synthetic motor spirit made from coal, coke, and lignite, of all of which she possesses abundant supplies. This discovery was made several years ago (the American rights being subsequently sold to Standard Oil). The invention has been successfully commercialised to the extent that in 1934 the total output of artificial petrol reached 1,600,000 tons, or 40% of Germany's normal annual consumption of 4,000,000 tons. New plants are now being rapidly completed, and by the end of 1936 the Reich expects to be independent of foreign motor-fuel supplies. In addition Germany has a permanent store of 2,000,000 tons of petrol.

Fortunately for the cause of peace, Germany's greatest weakness in raw materials is with regard to iron ore deposits. Her huge metallurgical industry depends on foreign sources (including France) for over 75% of its iron ore requirements. This explains why purchases of Swedish iron ore

by the German Steel Trust, which totalled 249,000 tons in August, 1933 (soon after Hitler's advent to power), had risen by the following August to 478,000 tons. Similar huge increases in many other raw materials have been registered during the past two years. For many months now Germany has been International Nickel's largest customer. Her imports of crude nickel from that source rose from 96,919 metric quintals in 1932 to 297,897 m.q. last year, and of nickel metal, during the same period, from 3,883 m.q. to 27,857 m.q. Imports of chrome, cadmium and wolfram, of all of which Germany was an exporter, until recently have in the same two years increased from 264,361 tons (during the first eight months of 1933) to 483,078 tons during the corresponding period of last year.

Germany is, in spite of the country's desperate financial and economic condition, almost entirely an immense war factory. On the German Bourses quotations of shares in chemical, metallurgical and kindred companies which have any kind of connection with armament production, have risen substantially in the past two years and are continuing to rise. Germany may have become the madhouse of Europe, but there seems to be method in her madness. Somebody is reaping big profits—and nobody in Germany worries! Everybody knows that another national bankruptcy will wipe the slate clean again, and that this will take place as soon as it is declared inevitable. Whether the crash will come before or after a new war depends largely on the line the British statesmen are taking at the Stresa Conference.

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The "Freedom" of the Press

By Kim

POLITICIANS can only survive on publicity and the Press have practically the monopoly of it. If, for the sake of argument, all the Press of the country combined to boycott some well known politician he would completely drop out. The Prime Minister could not afford to ignore a Press boycott. On the other hand there are certain politicians who are able by subterranean means to exercise an influence upon organs of opinion—this is well known but winked at—to the detriment of the public interest.

Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking on the Freedom of the Press last week at the dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund claimed that the characteristic of the British Press is its incorruptibility. This is true with a few unfortunate exceptions. Is it exactly a virtue on the part of the Press that it does not inquire more deeply into the public doings of its Ministers who hold so great a responsibility? Men who aspire to rule the State should be as much above suspicion in their ministerial actions vis-a-vis the nation as Caesar's wife—and hidden understandings with other countries should be laid open

for public inspection and approval or disapproval. A public man's life—certainly that affecting the safety and welfare of the country—is not a private secret, and when a Cabinet Minister is known to be privately intriguing with the avowed enemies of his own country, for his own particular purposes, this has no right to be hidden from the public; but the Press rarely does say so.

The truth is that no public man in the fullest sense of the word, can divest himself of his responsibilities, and if a man chooses to adopt a public career he must expect that the strongest searchlight be thrown on all his activities. No-one can put public responsibilities into water-tight compartments. A Cabinet Minister cannot be in the limelight most of the time and then retire into the background just when it suits him, for it is in the public interest that we know everything there is to know about a Minister's acts and deeds which concern the Nation.

The Press of this country is wooed with assiduity by politicians particularly, because it offers to them the essential to success, namely publicity, without

which the politician is no better than a derelict drifting in an uncharted sea. Newspapers on the other hand are forced to discriminate in the way they accept blandishments from those who want to use their circulations without paying for them and the day may dawn when public men in search of a platform for their views may be referred to the advertisement manager. After all, a newspaper is dependent for its success upon its reputation and responsibility in the eyes of its public and if it fails in these particulars its descent is headlong and remorseless, unlike politicians who frequently thrive upon their failures and mistakes. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald for example failed as the Socialist leader and as a reward is to-day Prime Minister, maintained in office by Conservative votes.

The Press as a whole is cynical in regard to its alleged "freedom." There is probably not a news editor or a leader writer who is not well aware that newspapers publish mainly what they think the public should be told and not what they should properly know. Now and again the truth is blazoned out such as when it was suddenly revealed that the Socialist Party's war chest had received a donation from the Bolsheviks of stolen jewels, an exposure which led to the prompt defeat of the Socialists at the polls. The public press keeps its

readers for the most part in a state of tutelage, and tells them what it thinks they would like to be told rather than what they should be told. The whole question of our national defencelessness for instance has been rigorously suppressed by all except a small section of the Press. Really independent journalism is to-day almost as extinct as the dodo. Only a few practise it, but modesty forbids us to mention names.

The "freedom" of the Press is a fetish. Discretion is the better part of valour it is said and generally it is true of the Press. Apart from the law of libel (which is frequently most vindictive towards any newspaper that makes a slip), pressure is exerted in a hundred different ways. So when the truth cannot be told because it treads on someone's corns the Press has to resort to fiction. Thus we are told that Mr. Baldwin is genial and easy going, whereas he is hard and often callous, or that Mr. Neville Chamberlain is a great Imperialist, although in his Budget he has made no provision whatever for our national defences. But with all their ingenuity the Press cannot conjure a hero out of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He signally fails to offer any single redeeming feature to an enterprising journalist.

*"All the King's horses and all the King's men
Couldn't put Ramsay together again."*

Stresses at Stresa

By the Saturday Reviewer

THE olive branches, in the first glory of their spring-leaves on that divine island, brushed the windows; but there was little sunshine in the Council Chamber. The Duce sat at the head of the table with lowering brows, his dark and massive face like the intaglio of some Roman Emperor. M. Flandin, blonde and sanguine, sat beside his little dark shadow, Laval, and opposite them sat Mr. MacDonald and his colleague, Sir John.

"My colleague and I," the Prime Minister was saying, "have an indomitable faith in the modern principles of Disarmament and collective security."

"Ha," said M. Laval, "will you tell us how these two principles can be reconciled?"

"To show our faith to the wurld," continued the Prime Minister, who was not easily to be interrupted, "we made ourselves an example for other nations to follow, and went down and down and down in the matter of our defences, even going upon the principle of unilateral disarmament in the hope that the rest of the wurld would be inspired by our trust to take the same course."

"And in the result?" asked M. Laval.

"We were disappointed," said the Prime Minister. "The rest of the wurld were unworthy of us."

Signor Mussolini bent his beetling brows upon the orator. "Our French confrère," he said "has put a question which you have omitted to answer, Mr. MacDonald. Will you be so good as to tell us

how the principles of disarmament and collective security, upon which you rely, are to be reconciled with each other?"

"I do not follow you," said the Prime Minister.

"Well, then, let us take, by way of illustration, the immediate case," the Duce proceeded blandly. "You have disarmed and Germany has rearmed. In that position how do you proceed to obtain collective security?"

"We throw our resources into the common stock," said Mr. MacDonald.

"What resources?" asked the Duce.

"Our armaments," said the Prime Minister.

"Then you do not reconcile disarmament and collective security; but, on the contrary, you rely on such armaments as you have left."

"We set our trust in the principle of collective democracy," said the British orator grandiloquently. "We have faith in the Democratic principle."

His colleague thought it was time to come to his rescue.

"We do not, of course, believe in total disarmament," he said suavely. "On the other hand, we do not believe in excessive armaments. Nor do we base our policy on the old principle of distrust, but rather upon its opposite of trust."

"You learned your trust, I suppose, from your experience as a lawyer," said M. Laval drily.

"But by trust, possibly over-trust," M. Flandin intervened with more suavity, "you have got your-

selves into a position of some danger. That is to say, you believed your Teutonic friends when they said that they had no Air Force and no Army, and now you find that they have adopted conscription, and that their Air Force is at least upon a parity with your own. Conscription may be directed against us, and is therefore not of so much concern; but the Air Force may be directed against you."

"You are well aware, Mr. MacDonald," M. Laval added, "That your capital of Londres is highly vulnerable to air-attack from across the Rhine."

"That would be a crime against humanity," said Mr. MacDonald.

The Frenchman shrugged. "After the little events of 1914 to 1918," he said, "we are not unaccustomed to crimes against humanity."

"And so," pursued Mr. Flandin, "you are ready, even eager, to arrange with us for a regional pact in the Air."

"Of course," said Sir John, "Germany has also been invited."

"But," the Frenchman proceeded, "if there should be this incredible event of war, you will acknowledge that it cannot be confined to the one element of the atmosphere. It will also be waged upon the earth, and upon the sea—and under the sea."

"Nor will it," the Duce added, "be confined to the Western shores of Europe; it will also be waged in our Eastern parts."

"In short we want to know," said M. Laval,

"what contribution you are prepared to make to our collective security."

"And how far," added the Duce, "you are prepared to extend your responsibility?"

"We have our Navy," Sir John intervened.

"By no means so strong as it was," said the Frenchman. "You have broken up some of your best ships and reduced your cruisers far below the minimum."

"And our Army," said Sir John.

"How many Army Corps could you send across the Channel at a pinch?"

"We need not," said the Prime Minister, "descend to these details. My *colleague* and I are not convinced that our neighbours intend any harm. In fact, we hear from Herr Hitler that he has no longer any objection to enter into a pact of defensive regional security."

"But in the meantime do you not think that precautions are, possibly, not entirely superfluous? You precipitately abandoned conscription in England. Might it not be wise . . . ?"

The Prime Minister held up his hands in horror. "You must," he said, "be entirely ignorant of my political antecedents."

"No matter," said M. Flandin; "but it does seem to us only fair that if you enter the boat you should handle an oar."

"We cannot," said Mr. MacDonald, "be unfaithful to the principles of a free democracy."

"In short" said the Frenchman, "You want to be taken in as a passenger."

ECONOMICS

According to the Mayor of Rome artisans do not work as fast in this country as they do in Italy.

O say not, as you bend your gaze
On yon stout fellow laying bricks,
Or these who are about to raise
The surface of the road with picks,
That they could labour, in your view,
A great deal faster than they do.

I grant, yon champion of the hod
Is motionless, but he will stir;
Though prone at present on the sod
Ingesting lunch, the road breaker
Will presently arise and ply
The weapons of his industry.

Doubt not this calculated pause
On toil's unappetising brink
Conforms to economic laws:
E.g., it gives them time to think,
And British Labour, we are taught,
Owes its pre-eminence to thought.

The simple moiler argues thus:
"If there should be more jobs than men
'Twere foolish of the likes of us
To slave like Afric niggers, when
We can secure a full day's pay
For jobs that should take half a day.

"And if there are more men than jobs,
Why then 'tis admirably clear,
The chap who works his hardest robs
Some fellow workman of his beer.
Only a selfish brute would do
Work that can well be done by two.

"And if through this superior stroke
Of happy camaraderie,
The harsh capitalist, a bloke
Who oughtn't to exist—if he
Finds that his business will not pay,
Why, serve the blighter right, we say."

That is the man's considered view,
So do not blame him if he stands
About as though he'd nought to do,
Instead of spitting on his hands
And plying a remorseless pick,
Or piling brick on furious brick.

And if Italian Industry
Is gaining ground while ours recedes,
It is not his to wonder why,
Since he's been told that all his needs,
Whether he serves or stands and waits,
Are not his trouble but the State's.

HAMADRYAD.

The Game of Make-believe

By Robert Machray

SPRING in the air, Easter's high festival and the renewal of life making itself felt everywhere gives this season of the year its eternal atmosphere of buoyant expectancy, sometimes of boundless optimism. It is the time when the temptation to look only on the bright side of things is very strong, and when it is least difficult to play the game of make-believe, or "Let's pretend." In any case this was the game which was played at Stresa last week by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon, and they are old and experienced hands at it, heaven knows!

The Stresa Conference was supposed to be held as another step in the exploration of the road towards the organisation of peace. The official *communiqués*, as is customary with such statements, sounded a note of hope, which was echoed by most of our newspapers, as also is usual on such occasions.

IGNORING THE MENACE

What really took place at Stresa was, so far as the British Ministers were concerned, that they contrived to carry on, that is, to play at make-believe, by a determined and evidently successful effort to ignore behind a barrage of phrases the grim and menacing realities of the situation as it is to-day in Europe.

As has been repeatedly pointed out in the *Saturday Review*, the crux of that situation is the rearmament of Germany, about which there is no longer any concealment; indeed, Hitler's conscription manifesto of March 16 shouted it to the whole world. He demands an army of 550,000 effectives, to which must be added 200,000 men from semi-military formations; thirty-five per cent. of British naval tonnage, of all classes of ships; air parity with England and France, and more if the Soviet increases its air force; and colonies as a condition, if you please, of Germany's return to the League. It is a programme which touches us at all points, but most nearly as regards ships, air force, and colonies.

Has Hitler made any change in that programme, with its clear menace direct to Europe and both direct and indirect to England, because of anything that was discussed at Stresa? Or, is he likely to alter it, for the Continent or for us, on account of discussions at Geneva or anywhere else—of which there appear to be plenty in prospect? Hitler, we may be sure, will disregard them, and continue with implacable resolution to make his country the strongest military Power in the world—no number of conferences or discussions will make the slightest difference as regards *that* fact.

But it is said that Hitler made a concession, some even call it a great concession, and our representatives anxious to keep the game going, preferred to share that view, though they must have been well aware of its hollowness. What he

did in connection with the Stresa Conference was to let it be known, through a message from his Foreign Minister to Sir John Simon, that he was willing to join in signing, not the Eastern Pact contemplated in the Franco-British statement of February 3, but a simple non-aggression pact to be accepted more or less all round—but which, as it happens, is covered already by existing pacts.

Besides, he has made it perfectly clear that he still objects to mutual assistance pacts, and will sign nothing of the kind. This should be sufficient for our Government, but is not, and so it goes on pretending. What is behind this ostrich-like policy of our wretched Government? It is not easy, despite its professions (which must cause Hitler to roar with laughter) to think that it really can put any confidence in such collective security as is practicable at present, or in a League of Nations which breaks down under every heavy strain. More make-believe? Just that!

And why is the Government so lenient to Germany? How is it that when in its shifty, vacillating course, it has wobbled away from her a little, some diplomatic or other curious influence has succeeded in promptly reversing the process—as so many times has been the case? This is how we lose friends abroad, and astonish our enemies, who in their hearts call us fools, with the missing adjective, no doubt, duly prefixed. Whatever concession was made at Stresa was made by our Government or by its desire; small wonder that the German Press, always acting under Hitler's orders, expressed its satisfaction, but how nice for France and Italy!

FUTILE CONFERENCES

The quest for peace has seen many abortive conferences and heard any amount of profitless discussion, and so long as German rearmament is not realised as the dominant fact of the situation future conferences will be of no use at all. Marshal Pétain went to the root of the matter in a French journal on Sunday when he said that Germany will resign herself to peaceful obligations only when faced by strength sufficient to enforce them. He asked, "Can anybody be optimistic enough to suppose that new conferences and conventions will check Germany's determination to dominate unless they are supported by real strength?"

To avoid war there is only one means and that is to be strong—this is the lesson of all history as well as of common sense. Negotiating with Germany, that is, talking to or at Hitler proceeds, but, as Mr. Ward Price, in his summary of Stresa in the *Daily Mail*, rightly emphasised, it will be a pity if the British public deludes "itself with the idea that the past 3½ days of word-spinning have changed the facts of the European situation." Don't let's pretend anything else.

This Deliberate — — Air Scandal

By Lieutenant Owen Cathcart Jones, F.R.G.S., R.N. (Retd.)

THE Melbourne air race did more for the prestige of British Aviation than the whole of the Government's air policy since aviation commenced, yet few people consider who was responsible for the success claimed by England in producing not only the winner, but the third, fourth and sixth places in the speed race and the second and third in the Handicap.

England would have adequate representation in one of the greatest air races in the whole history of aviation.

The success of the Melbourne air race, together with the fine work of the aircraft designers and the pilots who flew the aircraft, was achieved entirely through private individual enterprise and initiative. If it had not been for one man, an English aero-



Cathcart Jones, Waller and Mr. Bernard Ruben (owner of the plane) on arrival at Lyme after their record-breaking flight to Australia and back

The Government—as representing England—can claim no share in this success, in spite of the fact that the achievements of British aircraft in the race are used as a lever in the Government's "Hot Air" policy whereby we are assured that we hold an adequate position in International Aviation, and can produce the necessary aircraft if put to the test.

On October 23rd, 1934, the world Press announced "England wins world's greatest air race," and in England the man in the street patted himself on the chest, and with a feeling of pride muttered "England again" and thought no more about it. What absolute conceit for the man in the street as representing the English public or the Government as representing England to claim any share of, or to take any credit for, the success in the Melbourne air race.

No interest, support or financial assistance was given by the British Government to ensure that

plane would never have crossed the finishing line first, and an unprecedented all-American success would have resulted. As it is, American aircraft crossed the line second and third respectively.

As early as October 1933, one year before the race, England had not one single aeroplane which could compare in performance with that of the high-speed American, Dutch, German or French aircraft, and would have been hopelessly out-classed in the Melbourne air race. The Government were fully aware of the importance of this great race, and realised what a great part it would play in establishing the prestige of British Aviation throughout the world, yet in spite of this fact, and in face of many requests, made no effort to finance the building of aircraft suitable to compete with the aeroplanes of other nations.

When it was obvious that the Government could never be awakened to the importance of the race and the bearing it would have on the whole future

of British flying, individual enterprise was brought into play by the very few men who had the real interest of British Aviation at heart. Eventually the De Havilland Aircraft Company issued a statement that they would be prepared to build special aircraft which would have a performance equal to the aircraft of other nations and adequate to comply with all the special conditions of the Melbourne air race.

They offered to build five of these special aircraft, provided that those who ordered them would be prepared to pay £5,000 for each aeroplane, even before the final design had been decided. It speaks very highly for the courage of the purchasers, and even more for their faith in the De Havilland Aircraft Company, that by February 1934, three of these aircraft had been ordered.

The fact that only three were ordered reflects much on the Government which could have well afforded to finance a team of its own. Every effort was made by active flying men to procure the necessary backing to order one of these aeroplanes, and there are very few men of public position who were not approached for financial assistance to enter an aircraft, yet no support was forthcoming. It was finally left to one or two individuals to be responsible for the entry of aircraft which subsequently upheld British prestige.

Where Credit is due

It is only consummate conceit to make the fantastic statement that England won the race. The race was mainly won by the man who made the entry of the winning aircraft possible, and this man, Mr. A. O. Edwards, is the man England should thank for the magnificent achievement.

It is a little-known fact that although the De Havilland Aircraft fixed a sale price of £5,000 for each machine, they actually cost that company some £15,000 each to produce, and so the success of the Melbourne air race arises from three individual sources, firstly Mr. Edwards who made the building of the aeroplanes possible, secondly the designers of the De Havilland Aircraft Company for producing the aircraft, and thirdly Mr. Scott and Mr. Campbell Black.

One would have thought that as the Government took such a prominent part in claiming a success in this race they would have used the opportunity to express some national gratitude for the enterprise, initiative and courage of people directly concerned with winning the race. It is true that Mr. Scott and Mr. Campbell Black were awarded the Air Force Cross—a very meagre token when one considers that this distinction is frequently granted for acts of not one tenth the magnitude or duration as performed by Scott and Campbell Black. Being men of action and not words, they presumably do not mind very much whether they got the A.F.C. or anything else. But as a token of national gratitude it can only be regarded as typical of the Government's outlook on aviation.

No wonder that England is at last waking up to the fact that we rank low as an air power, and that the light is slowly dawning to reveal the deplorable

policy of stagnation which permeates the present Government's air policy—a Government that is responsible not only for Empire air communication, but the whole air defence of the Empire, more especially Great Britain.

British planes and airmen have astounded the world, but there is always the same old story of once the thing is done, no sooner is it forgotten, and we are once more back into our old state of apathy and disinterest as far as aviation is concerned. No country requires faster air communications between the points of our Empire than Great Britain, and yet at the moment all the lessons of the Melbourne air race are being shelved for future reference, rather than being used for immediate action.

One year ago Great Britain was ten years behind the leading Air Powers of the world. If this policy is allowed to continue we shall, after a lot of hard work and a great expenditure of money, be even further behindhand. The progress of aviation as far as Great Britain is concerned rests entirely with the few active flying men and the still fewer members of the general public who have hitherto given their financial support to any outstanding achievements which have furthered the progress of British aviation.

The same state of affairs that existed in October, 1933, still exists at the moment. American aviation has quite openly announced that the rules of the Melbourne air races were so framed as to preclude the possibility of entry of any standard high-speed American aircraft, and that the Melbourne air races did nothing to prove the superiority of British commercial aircraft.

Another Chance for the Government

In order to convince the world of this statement they have announced that in October of this year they are proposing to give a prize of £30,000 for an International Air Race of some 18,000 miles from Washington to Buenos Aires and back, on the lines of the London-Melbourne air race. No aircraft will be prevented from competing and they contend that the results will definitely establish the fact that America leads the field as regards commercial aircraft.

It is unlikely that Great Britain will be in a position to dispute this assertion since no efforts are being made to prepare a special aeroplane or team of aircraft to compete on behalf of Great Britain, and so the American presumption will go unchallenged.

The De Havilland Aircraft Company have again offered to build a special aircraft with a performance even superior to that of the "Comet," but quite reasonably required a considerable margin of time to prepare the aeroplane and ensure its success in the American air race.

Now is the opportunity for the Government to ensure that their country is adequately represented in a race which will have a lasting effect on the prestige of British aviation should a major success result from the British entries.

Belgrave Square

By E. Beresford Chancellor

The Duke and Duchess of Kent are back from their honeymoon tour of the West Indies. After spending Easter at Windsor with the King and Queen they will take up residence at their new home, No. 3, Belgrave Square.

JUST a hundred and ten years ago on that then outlying portion of London known as The Five Fields, between Knightsbridge and Sloane Square, was created one of our most fashionable centres. Before building activity changed it from green grass to stucco it was an immense open space where in the daytime people went to take the air or eat syllabubs, and when after nightfall footpads roamed and molested the unwary. This large area belonged to Earl Grosvenor (he was created Marquess of Westminster in 1831) having come into the possession of his family through the marriage of his ancestor Sir Richard with Mary Davies, the heiress of its earlier owner.

The Five Fields were already bounded on the east by the then modest houses of Grosvenor Place which had been built in 1767. Just twenty years earlier there had been practically nothing here but the then recently erected Lock Hospital and chapel (they remained till 1842) and the strip of ground abutting on the roadway was for sale as building sites.

The Treasury Refuses

George III, who had already acquired Buckingham House, was anxious to get possession of this in order to ensure the gardens from being overlooked. The price asked was £20,000, but Grenville refused to let the Treasury pay and, to the King's great annoyance, the ground was bought by others and the houses of Grosvenor Place were built overlooking the grounds of Buckingham House.

Just where Grosvenor Crescent now is was then the original Tattersalls, entered by a narrow way, and here it remained till 1866 when the establishment was moved to Knightsbridge Green, a wing of St. George's Hospital being subsequently erected on its site. This Hospital, which was founded in 1733, occupied originally what had been old Lanesborough House and was converted by the architect, William Wilkins, into its present form in 1828. Both the Lock Hospital and St. George's were therefore practically in those days "in the Fields," where their convalescent patients may have taken their airings and seen the horses from the neighbouring mart being exercised.

All around was, indeed, a rural spot before Burton's screen made the entrance to the Park dignified, and the turn-pike was cheek by jowl with the old Hercules Pillars tavern where Squire Western, in quest of Sophia, put up and where

stood the apple stall, humble predecessor of the red-brick Apsley House.

But building development during the first quarter of the 19th century was undergoing one of its periodical spurts, and the great firm of Cubitts was foremost in adding to the load under which the soil of London continues to groan. These great builders at once recognised the potentialities of The Five Fields as a means of extending the West End, and in 1825 they were able to secure building leases of the whole of the area from Earl Grosvenor.

The nucleus of their vast scheme was the formation of Belgrave Square and, considering what had been done before, save in one instance, in the way of "quadrates" in London, they laid out the new one on Brobdingnagian lines, just as they did two years later in the case of Eaton Square, vying indeed in size with Grosvenor Square, which its owner, that great builder Sir Richard Grosvenor, had formed just a century earlier.

Bricks on the Spot

The formation of the Square was no easy matter, because the fields lay low and were largely of a marshy nature. However, the builders were lucky in discovering that the clay there made excellent bricks and, skimming this off, they were able to manufacture on the site the materials for their new buildings.

The four sides were covered with large houses, the centre one in each case being of more imposing size and architecture than the rest. They were designed by George Basevi, the well-known architect of the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, and other important structures.

At the four corners of the square a space was left, and each was filled by a detached house, of still more impressive character, designed either by Hardwick or Kendall, the former being responsible for Seaford House, at the south-east corner, and the latter for the other three. As one looks at these massive buildings it is difficult to refrain from a smile when we find them referred to by contemporary topographers as "villas in Belgrave Square."

It was not long before the new houses began to be taken, and in nearly all cases by people of social importance. One of the first was the Earl of Essex, who, in consequence, was known to his friends as "The Decoy Duck." But to record the names of the original occupiers would mean a list which would "extend from here to Mesopotamy." I must therefore confine myself to a few of the more notable ones taken at random, and, in this connection, it is interesting, in view of the fact that their Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent have recently leased Lady Juliet Duff's residence, No. 3, once the abode of Lord de Ramsey, to find that in 1840 No. 36, known earlier as Ingestre House, was

the abode of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, Queen Victoria's mother. Between these royal residents bearing the same name a host of illustrious people can be connected, at various periods, with Belgrave Square.

As being in a sense the most important houses, we can take the so-called villas first. One of these at the end of Grosvenor Crescent is No. 48, once the residence of Viscount Combermere, who died here in 1891, and later for a time that of the Dukes of Richmond, until it was taken by the late Otto Beit, the South African magnate. But its most notable occupier was Sydney Herbert, who once rented it.

Seaford House is the largest house in the Square, indeed one of the largest in London. Architecturally it is not specially impressive, but its rooms are fine and well adapted for the many social and charitable purposes to which they are put. It was originally the town residence of that great gourmet, the Earl of Sefton; but when Lord Howard de Walden, its present owner, took it, he greatly enlarged it and gave it its present name—that of a famous forbear of his own.

At the opposite corner is Downshire House, which was built for Mr. Kemp of Kemp Town, subsequent occupiers being Lady Harriett Drummond and the Marquess of Tweedmouth. Later, in 1837, it was taken by Viscount Hill, the famous soldier, and on his death five years later by the Earl of Ducie. After his tenancy the place was sold to, and considerably enlarged by, the Marquess of Downshire. Since then Lord Pirrie has been one of the tenants of the house, which still bears the name of its late owner.

The last "villa" is that in the north-west corner, in our day occupied by the Earl of Ancaster, but originally the town-residence of Earl Brownlow. It is on a smaller scale than the other three corner houses, but is commodious if not specially artistic.

Belgrave Square has, ever since its formation, been identified with people of wealth and importance and, now that the Duke and Duchess of Kent have taken up there residence there, the Royal association begun by an earlier Duchess of Kent and continued by Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught has become still further accentuated.

BRITISH LEGION

Revelations by a Former Official

By a Special Correspondent

THERE appeared in the *Saturday Review* of March 23rd a letter from Mr. G. Crowe in which he revealed that as a result of a letter written to Major Featherstone-Godley, making specific charges, the National Chairman had replied that "he agreed with a great deal" of Mr. Crowe's complaints, but that "vested interests" prevented reform.

Mr. Crowe knows as much of the inside history and working of the Legion as anyone and a great deal more than most. He has been associated with it from its foundation and after serving on the S.E. Area Council and the National Executive gave up a better post to devote all his time to Legion work in the capacity of Provincial Organiser, which post he held for ten years, finally resigning out of sheer disgust with the intrigue, hypocrisy and extravagance of Haig House.

The following extracts from his letter to Major Godley, which drew the admission quoted above, must therefore compel the closest attention:—

"Dealing with headquarters, my personal knowledge of the 'High Command' section is that they are an expensive bunch of officials with vastly over-rated abilities, and have ephemeral responsibilities.

"Having officially visited about 1,000 branches within every area, and had intimate conversations with many honorary influential leaders, I am aware of the unflattering views and adverse opinions extensively held of headquarters. But, like myself, loyalty to the Legion outweighed their adverse criticisms.

"The salaries throughout are excessive for services rendered or for positions held.

"My duties took me into distressed areas (places unknown to headquarters officials) where appalling poverty and privation dominated whole districts. At one meeting in Durham, out of 120 present, only three were employed, but all were financial members. The Chairman vigorously contrasted this fact with 'The bloated salaries paid to Legion limpets' (his words). 'T'was then I felt real shame of my position as one of the limpets.

"My conviction is that the Legion could not support such a host of highly paid officials, and such numerous staffs at headquarters and areas, unless such were mainly supported from *Poppy Day Funds*.

"Certain officials are indifferent to what matters most, but assume tremendous importance on ceremonial and gala occasions. Positions are magnified out of all proportion to reality. The principal officials are a law to themselves. They go where and do as they please, evidently unaccountable to no one. Time for trips to Paris and other salubrious excursions at home and abroad can be spared, and dinners and functions are religiously attended, but no time for visits to impoverished districts and branches can be allotted, nor attendance at a Shoreditch Branch Supper.

"When the rank and service of those seeking honorary positions in the N.E.C. and Area Councils have to be stated why is the same information refused for paid officials? Is it because there may be some spurious ranks or vague services to be quoted of some officials? Many Branches hold that opinion and will even yet demand that this information be given. Is it known that certain members of the headquarters staff hope to obtain some honour conferred upon them for their Legion services, in spite of being excessively paid for their job?

"Why are not the hotel vouchers and receipts for payments attached to expense forms as required in print on these forms? Does not this negligence permit, if so

desired, of expenses being irregularly paid to anyone who had gone on joy-rides in the name of duty?

"Regarding the *Appeal Department* to which I was officially attached, I have most intimate knowledge from the smallest detail upwards. No greater myth exists than this department. For the staff, six months of activity and six months of comparative ease correctly describe the routine of that department.

"A small book of instructions to organisers is sent to the organisers and it is they who do the rest and send the monies collected to headquarters. The success of Poppy Day rests absolutely and entirely with the solid work of voluntary organisers and the patriotic support of the public who view that day with different views than other national collections. The millions of poppies, posters, etc., quoted in the Report, are never seen nor handled in the Appeal Dept. itself.

"I must stress the fact that when I accepted office as a paid official I resigned from a much better paid position in order to take the Legion work unfettered.

"I repeat that the costs of administration are excessive in most directions, that the numerous paid officials and staffs of Headquarters, Areas, and County officials are unnecessary to administer an organisation of less than half a million membership—especially when there are thousands of voluntary officials and workers who do most of the actual work, numbers of whom give all their spare time (and often spare money) to the Legion. Since retirement I have declined many invitations to address meetings because I could not, as a free agent, withhold my views upon Legion Administration."

Major Godley marked his reply "Strictly Personal." This is unfortunate for I should have liked to reproduce it here. I must, therefore, content my readers by saying it revealed in one direction at least an astounding ignorance of certain events concerned with the appointment of certain paid officials, which Mr. Crowe in a subsequent letter corrected as he was actually on the committee which made the appointments. He did, however, have the candour to admit that some of Mr. Crowe's allegations were "only too true."

After the exchange of letters, Major Godley saw

Mr. Crowe at Winchester. At the interview Mr. Crowe produced further very serious charges which it was unwise to put on paper and offered "to confront the persons concerned." Major Godley promised another interview "very soon," but this undertaking was not kept.

Mr. Crowe subsequently submitted to the Portsmouth Branch certain resolutions covering his allegations. The Chairman of the Branch, however, without the foreknowledge of Mr. Crowe, interviewed Major Godley and was persuaded by him that "though he was in agreement" the Resolutions if debated at the Annual Conference "would hinder him in his efforts at reform"—efforts which he had previously admitted were being rendered abortive by "vested interests"!! The Branch accordingly refused to send Mr. Crowe to move the resolutions!

Commenting on the whole matter, Mr. Crowe writes: "There is little doubt in my mind that if Branches were aware of the actual 'doings' of H.Q. the Legion would cease to exist. Each Chairman gets on such intimate terms with the principal paid officials that they are either blinded as to real conditions or lack the courage to take action."

With reference to Major Featherstone Godley, Mr. Crowe states that previously he had confidence that he would undertake reform but he is now convinced that "he will only tinker with reform."

"Nothing short of an upheaval," he adds, "will alter things."

In this conviction, and having tried all other methods of remedying such grave abuses without success, Mr. Crowe has felt compelled to make the matter public. He is to be congratulated, for unless fundamental changes are soon made, the Legion is threatened with destruction.

Mentor to Queen Victoria

WILLIAM LAMB, the second Viscount Melbourne, had the distinction of being Prime Minister in two successive reigns. But it is not on his record as a politician and statesman that his claims to a niche in the temple of fame so surely rest.

If the truth be told, he was possessed of a far too pensive and critical mind to become a great party leader, and the fact that his Whiggism was strongly tinged with what one might call to-day a sound and sturdy Conservatism caused many of his more radically minded following to credit him with a certain infirmity of purpose. They had no liking for his too frequent rejoinder "Why not leave it alone?"

It was, however, this very trait that peculiarly fitted him for the task which fate had designed for him and which he was so nobly to fulfil, to the admiration of his contemporaries and posterity alike—the instruction of an eighteen-year-old Queen in all the responsibilities and complexities of constitutional government.

The young Queen, from the day she had ascended the throne, had already given evidence of a strong character. In spite of her small stature, she was singularly dignified and impressive. She was even at that age imbued with the highest sense of duty. But she was also painfully conscious of her isolated position and of the limitations of the education her mother had prescribed for her.

She was, at eighteen, as Viscount Esher has pointed out, "as moderately and indifferently equipped as the average girl of her age. Her mind at that time was a blank page in so far as questions of high politics or of administration were concerned."

In Lord Melbourne she found the ideal mentor and instructor in the carrying out of the duties of a constitutional Monarch. He was no longer young, but he was not by any means old. He had a most attractive appearance, a charmingly unconventional manner that was yet in no way presumptuous, a voice that was "so deep and

musical that to hear him say the most ordinary thing was a pleasure," and a capacity for laughter that was most infectious.

If he was away from her side any one day, she was distressed; she missed his cheering company. If she was near her at any State function she felt she had a real friend at hand and this gave her more self-confidence. She sought his advice on every matter, from politics and Shakespeare's plays down even to questions of dress and the arrangement of her hair.

"I asked him how he liked my headdress which was done in plaits round my ears, for I know in general he only likes the hair in front crêpe in 2 puffs. He said, looking at me and making one of his funny faces, 'It's pretty; isn't it rather curious—something new?'"

Greville in his *Memoirs* fills in the picture for us:—

"George Villiers, who came from Windsor on Monday, told me he had been exceedingly struck with Lord Melbourne's manner to the Queen and hers to him; his, so parental and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential; hers, indicative of such entire confidence, such pleasure in his society. She

is constantly talking to him; let who will be there, he always sits next to her at dinner. . . I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her as he might be of his own daughter if he had one."

History has no parallel to this delightfully intimate relationship between a girl Queen and her fatherly adviser, who might rally her on her little weaknesses and sometimes even gently reprove her, but who never forgot that he was her subject.

The Queen knew, as Melbourne did, that his continuance in office could not be indefinitely prolonged and she began to dread the day when the Opposition would be in power and she would be deprived of his almost daily companionship. She even began to identify herself with his Party and to express her "hate" of the other side.

A lesser man than Melbourne might have sought to make capital out of his Sovereign's political bias. But it is to his credit that he took the absolutely opposite course.

Melbourne might be a Whig, but he was something very much more; a patriot and a great-hearted Englishman who placed his country's and his Sovereign's interests above his own.

The Dining-room

By "Fish-Hawk"

YOU can get there by two ways. The easier is straight up the road past Moor Farm, and the herd's cottage, and then just before you get to Quebec Bridge, take the right hand fork to Cul Pleasant.

Two hundred yards up the road you come to the ruins of an old cottage where the hoodies have a nest in the tall larch tree. Climb through the fence and go down past the larch, over the mill leat and you are almost there; but even so, unless you know the spot you would walk right past it.

The other and longer way will take you almost all day, because there are so many interesting things to see. If you take the Fendom road till it crosses the burn, and then leaving it follow the water back into the hills, you will get there in time, but mind ye, it is a good step.

Whether you are a fisherman or not, you enjoy the walk, for the linties will be singing in the whins to the accompaniment of the peat-coloured water. The air, pure as crystal and heavy laden with the hum of insects and the scent of the whins, will go to your head like wine, while you will be a poor kin' o' a chap if you remain unmoved by the beauty of the everlasting hills that tower above the ever-narrowing strath.

About six miles above the road we started from, you come to a narrow gorge, well wooded with pine, fir and larch. Here, if you tread warily and have your eyes about you, you may see woodcock, and even find a chick or two if the gods be good.

Once through the gorge the country alters somewhat, the bracken grows thick under the pines, coming right down to the water's edge, while the burn bed is full of great boulders.

Here the blackcock love to come to sun themselves and feed among the larches, and it is a poor day when you do not see a dozen of these lovely birds, with a "capper" or two as well.

But we are nearing our destination now, for here before us is Quebec Bridge, where the dippers have their nest in the cranny by the right hand buttress.

Go under the bridge (the water is but ankle deep and your feet have been wet this two hours since) and then climb up the burn bed for a further hundred yards.

In front of you is a long oval pool, with a smooth rock bottom, over which the water flows shallow and smooth.

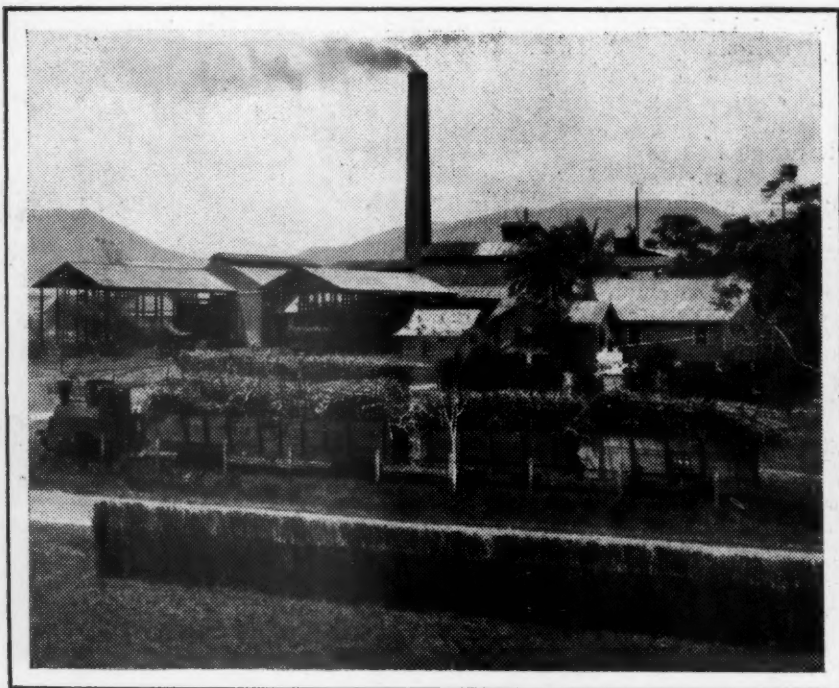
The trees on the right bank, which up to now have stood with their roots in the water, have drawn back, forming a semi-circular space, thickly carpeted with short grass.

The natural lawn is hedged on one side with wild raspberry canes and nicely shaded by a tree.

Across the pool, the bank rises steeply, thickly covered with blae berries and topped by yet more raspberries. And then you have the "Dining Room" and the reason for its name.

As children, we came here often, and in late summer, our only provender being plain bread and butter, for the wild fruit provided our jam in abundance, and the clear burn water is better than tea to thirsty boys.

If we were "by ordinary" hungry, a small fire was easily made and with a grid made of broken fence wire, we cooked trout fresh from the burn. Never was a tastier dish set before any man, unless it were a grouse spatch-cooked at the same place.



A Cane Sugar Factory

By—

W. G.
FREEMAN(Former Director of
Agriculture in Trinidad
and Tobago)

*Feed your bees on cane sugar
and they thrive; feed them with
beet sugar and they all die. Do
you think beet sugar is the right
thing to give young children?
I don't.*

AN EXPERT.

IN 1774 an Austrian chemist made the discovery that certain vegetables, such as the beet, carrot and parsnip contained sucrose, usually known as cane sugar. The amount was small, compared with that in the sugar cane, and the discovery, though interesting, bore little promise of being of economic importance. In reality, however, it has had great and far-reaching world effects and been the cause of great distress in many parts of the British Empire.

French chemists began breeding beets for higher sugar contents, and Napoleon saw in this the possibility of crippling England, as he regarded her greatness as largely due to her Colonies and believed she was then chiefly dependent on their sugar plantations. He subsidised research and even started beet sugar factories, but his own downfall came before much success was obtained.

Interest lapsed, to be revived later in Germany, and wonderful progress was made in improving both the sugar content of the beet and the manufacture of sugar. As a result the increasing demand for sugar in the world was supplied largely by the beet factories.

In 1840, out of 1.15 million tons of sugar entering the world's trade, 1.10 millions were from the sugar cane and only 0.05 million from the beet. By the end of the century, while the cane growers' output had risen to 3.6 million tons, that of the beet growers was no less than 6.3 millions.

The contest, however, had not been an equal one. Beet sugar was produced in countries whose inhabitants paid dearly for the sugar they consumed and sale at a low price in a free trade country such as the United Kingdom was encouraged by export bounties. The West Indian Colonies were badly hit by this competition with which it was impossible for them to cope unaided, and loud and well-

THE SUGAR SC

founded were their protests against "bounty-fed sugar." Soon widespread ruin stared them in the face; estates were abandoned and sold for a mere pittance.

One example, well known to the writer in its later prosperous days as a cocoa estate, will bring home the dire results. This estate of 1,000 acres, fertile and well watered, complete with dwelling-house, standing canes, stock and a factory which was worked for two more crops, changed hands at £1,000!

The desperate state of affairs led in 1898 to the appointment by Joseph Chamberlain of the West Indian Royal Commission, some financial assistance was rendered, and the first Empire tropical Department of Agriculture founded with the object of improving the sugar industry, where possible, and elsewhere introducing other industries to take its place. In some West Indian colonies the latter object has been achieved, but in others, as also Mauritius, sugar still is, and as far as one can see must remain, their principal means of existence.

The home Government took further steps and through the Brussels Convention secured in 1903 the abolition of all bounties, thus making the contest between cane and beet one on equal terms. The natural superiority of the sugar cane was soon shown, and by 1914 the proportion of cane sugar in the world's trade was, in millions of tons, 10.9 to 9.0 of beet, compared with 3.6 to 6.3 in 1900.



Reaping the Cane Sugar Crop

The ten years have expired and the Greene Committee of Inquiry, appointed in April, 1934, has now made its report in a very detailed document running to over 120 pages, which it is impossible to attempt to summarise.

The broad results are that the sugar production of the United Kingdom has increased from approximately 24,000 tons in 1924-25 to 455,000 tons in 1933-34, with 602,000 estimated for 1934-35. This result has been achieved at the cost in the form of State assistance (up to 1933-34) of approximately £30,100,000 as subsidy and £10,200,000 in abatement of duty. For the last completed crop year the amount was £5,728,692 and that for 1934-35 will, it is estimated, reach £7,300,000.

In spite of the very liberal subsidy the industry has not spread as was hoped, and over 80 per cent. of the acreage under beet is confined to a comparatively small area of the eastern counties. The majority report, after reviewing carefully all the advantages claimed for the industry, concludes that "since, however, we are unable to find positive justification for the expenditure of a sum of several millions per annum on an industry which has no reasonable prospects of ever becoming self-supporting, and on the production of a crop which, without that assistance, would at present prices be practically valueless, we cannot recommend the continuance of assistance."

This conclusion is in conformity with that expressed last year by Dr. C. J. Robertson in his book on "World Sugar: Production and Consumption."

Let us recognise these realities. The United Kingdom is less suited for beet sugar production than even those Continental countries where it still requires artificial support. The claims that home-grown sugar would be useful as a war measure are based on no surer foundation than the need for producing other essential articles of food. A small portion of the amount spent on fostering home-grown beet sugar would tide our sugar-producing colonies over these difficult times with compensating advantages in the form of less need for help in other ways and an increase in the capacity for purchasing home goods. They can increase their output, given the necessary encouragement, of good cane sugar, which, as a writer in the *British Medical Journal* some years ago said, although when refined did not differ chemically from beet sugar, yet had a physiological difference, one of taste and flavour, comparable to the difference between a *vin ordinaire* and a Chateau Margaux, or between a silent spirit faintly coloured and genuine Scotch whisky.

Then came the War, the great reduction in the beet sugar output and a still greater increase in cane sugar production, mainly in Cuba, Java, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Queensland, etc. Since then, with the revival of the beet industry and the slackening in the rate of increase in the world's consumption, surplus stocks of sugar have accumulated despite the voluntary reductions made by the nations adhering to the Chadbourne plan of restriction. At the end of the 1933-34 season the world's stocks were assessed as being 6,356,000 tons. The result has been a fall, at first rapid, but ever since then almost continuous, in the price of sugar.

Early in this period, whilst the price of sugar was still high the home Government decided to take the step of encouraging, by financial assistance, the production of beet sugar in the United Kingdom. In outlining the proposals in the House of Commons on July 30, 1924, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that the Government had "come to the conclusion that a period of ten years is necessary during which State assistance is required to enable the industry to get upon its feet and develop sufficiently to stand alone." A subsidy, on a diminishing scale, was proposed and the hope expressed that the new industry "will revive British agriculture and restore rural England . . . that the areas devoted to sugar-producing purposes will extend until this country is in a position to produce a great part of the sugar which it requires."

SCANDAL

RACING

Misleading Trials

By David Learmonth

THE surprising success of Lord Glanely's Buckleigh in the Craven Stakes at Newmarket was the talk of the week-end. It is true that the field was probably about as miserable a one as has turned out for this event for some years past, yet so little was thought of Buckleigh that Lord Glanely seriously considered drafting him, and struck him out of most of his engagements. He was only left in the Two Thousand Guineas because no money could be saved by scratching him at the moment.

It is very doubtful whether Buckleigh is worth much as a racehorse if one judges him by what was hoped of him after Lord Glanely had paid 5,300 guineas for him as a yearling. But that he is a much better performer than home gallops suggested is obvious.

This is a very good example of how misleading home work can often be. There are many horses which simply will not exert themselves in home gallops; moreover, some of them nurse themselves so cleverly that their failures on the gallops do not appear to be due entirely to laziness.

On the other hand there are some which are so lazy that it is difficult even to get them fit at home. These, of course, are not so misleading. But it is difficult for the trainer to estimate their real form. All he can do is to take their last performance in public as correct and hope to get the animal to the post next time fit and well.

Laziness

I remember one such animal, a small bay mare, who was so lazy at home that it was difficult to get her to extend herself at all. Even when the trainer followed on a horse behind cracking a hunting whip the results were unsatisfactory and the only way to get her fit at all was to run her in public. On the racecourse she ran quite well—when she had a mind to—but I would not say that she was a generous sort.

There are some horses, however, which, though intolerably lazy at home, are first-class animals on the racecourse and there are others which, though lazy on the racecourse also, are dead stayers and will battle on with the greatest gameness for any jockey who is strong enough to ride them.

There is one thing to be said for this type of horse. He seldom loses his connection's money. But the opposite type, which goes great guns at home and packs up miserably whenever he appears in public, can be a very expensive animal.

There are many reasons for this unsatisfactory state of affairs; but the most usual one, leaving out those animals that are not genuine, is that the horse does not really stay. Home gallops are seldom as severe as a race. The result is that an animal will consistently finish strongly at the end of, say, a mile gallop, and the trainer will come

to the conclusion that it is a real good one over this distance.

On the racecourse the improved pace finds out the weak spot; the horse perhaps flatters for six furlongs and then dies away.

In this connection, though I have no faith in it as a guide to form, I think that "clocking" or taking the time may be useful. It does at least show whether the gallop was a strong one or not. In America, of course, everything is timed and this has now become such a fetish that on many courses apparatus has been installed which takes not only the time of a race, but the times the runners take to reach each furlong. In England, however, we have never adopted the system; the few people who have experimented with it having found it wanting, and have discarded it.

Temperament, of course, plays a large part in the discrepancy between home and public form.

The Modern Yearling

Last year there was a good deal of attention drawn to the large number of temperamental thoroughbreds running during the season, a number which has been increasing steadily for some years. And, not unnaturally, a great many theories were put forward to account for this. This season we have heard little of the matter; but it is too early yet to form any opinion.

My own theory is that in-breeding is responsible in the main and that early two-year-old racing, particularly of fillies who are afterwards to become brood mares, is a large contributory factor. Old stagers declare that the modern yearling has less spirit than that of some thirty years ago and is much easier to break in; also that racehorses in general lack the stamina to-day which they used to have.

There is probably a lot of truth in the saying that horses to-day are faster, but do not stay so well. On the other hand it must be remembered that races are run at a much greater pace than they used to be. In the days before the Americans, such as the Reiffs, came over and revolutionised our methods of riding, it was customary to dawdle for the greater part of the distance and then race for home. Consequently a long-distance race was not the test of stamina it is now. Yet what horses to-day could stand the racket of old times, when several four-mile heats used to be run in the same afternoon and the horse used to be walked all the way from Epsom to York?

Such speculations, owing to the utterly changed conditions do not really lead us very far. The fact of the matter is that so long as there is racing there will be uncertainty. Either horses will surprise their connections pleasantly or otherwise, and the day is unlikely to come when home trials can be relied on as infallible tests. When that happens the bookmakers will have to go into retirement.

Eve in Paris

CROWDS of students, lawyers and idlers from all part of Paris assembled on the Quais, and the Pont au Change to watch the burning Palais de Justice last week, and speculated whether energetic firemen would succeed in extinguishing the blaze.

The Law Courts were commencing the day's work when the rumour spread that the Conciergerie was afire. Litigants, witnesses, and Judges rushed out, and found that the historic prison had so far escaped, but the Tour Saint Louis seemed doomed to destruction.

This relic of Old Paris formed part of the medieval palace of the Kings of France, and occupied the site of an ancient Roman stronghold. It was covered with slates which fell in showers as the supporting wood-work was consumed, impeding the fire-fighters' work, but the men carried on bravely, and by the afternoon had subdued the flames.

An overheated chimney in the tower where Court Archives are kept was supposed to have started the fire. But bystanders scoffed at this explanation, declaring, "The lawyers started it themselves to get rid of incriminating documents," some adding "they have done so before without so much fuss," the reference being to the papers which disappeared conveniently in the Stavisky, Prince, and other cases.

MANY Parisians have already left for the Easter Holidays, going if possible to foreign lands. The French are now enthusiastic travellers. "Sportives" go tiger-shooting and exploring, while young people, whose parents dreaded a Channel-crossing, enjoy long cruises. Typical of this new generation is the story of the *Korrigane*.

Two young couples, the Comte and Comtesse de Ganay, and M. and Madame d'Obrenan, with M. de Ratisbonne, securing funds from their elders and committing their children to the grandparents' care, departed for a three years' voyage in a former fishing-smack with a crew of five, their object being to explore, do journalistic work, and make films in distant parts.

News came of their stay in New Zealand and their departure for Fiji. Time passed, and a derelict boat belonging to the little-sailing ship was found. The *Korrigane* was reported missing, to the anguish of families at home. Now a cablegram announces her safety, but details are lacking.

M. ALEX FISCHER, who died recently at the age of 53, was a very successful author. In collaboration with his brother, Max, he produced many humorous novels and short stories which had a wide circulation. He wrote also excellent dramatic criticisms for "La Liberté,"

and was connected with the famous publishing house of Flammarion. All these activities gained him a considerable fortune, out of which he has left a legacy to the Société de Gens de Lettres, which will in his name distribute a yearly prize for the best humorous work published in the twelvemonth, and he has begged his brother-humorists, Henri Duvernois and Tristan Bernard, to join with Sacha Guitry and Rip as members of the first jury.

LA MAISON DE FRANCE, palatial headquarters of French Tourism, has had a brief and inglorious existence. It gave no proper publicity to French health and pleasure resorts and cost the Government fabulous sums, so the offices have now been transferred to humbler premises, sharing a ground-floor with an automobile business.

Not so does the Reich manage its affairs. In the fine building devoted to German Tourism efficiency prevails, information being promptly available, also helpful advice, while beautiful pictures of "La Belle Allemagne" attract the eye, and clever booklets vaunt the cheapness and charms of the Vaterland.

The Tourist Offices of England, Italy and Switzerland are also well conducted, inducements being offered to travel in these countries. No wonder the hotel industry complains that its interests are neglected by the authorities, who accept supinely the loss of visitors. In 1927 two million tourists brought France twelve milliard francs, in 1934 seven hundred thousand spent a bare two milliards, while the same year Italy's increased foreign influx exceeded three millions.

THE French Federation of Artists owes to the energy of its Presidents, Madame Edgard Stern, and M. Fabian Sollar, a most interesting Exhibition of Souvenirs recalling the brief life and tragic death of the Prince Imperial. It was however, poorly attended and the majority of visitors were English, for England has always cherished the memory of the youth who died fighting under her Flag. To the majority of French people the Second Empire, which ended in disaster, means little.

A beautiful work is the statue by Carpeaux of the Imperial heir, with his favourite dog Nemo. His portrait painted at St. Cloud, July 1870, shows a handsome boy, with wistful eyes, and he is also pictured, years after, beside his mother in her widow's weeds, wearing the uniform of an English Officer. There are touching little relics of childish days—a toy boat, a goat carriage, a jewelled reliquary given by the Pope to his god-son, and also a canvas representing the Prince falling under the Zulu weapons.

CORRESPONDENCE

Suppressing the Truth

SIR,—Lady Houston's article "Mea Culpa" hits the nail right on the head.

There have been many indications recently that free speech, which Britons have so prided themselves upon, no longer exists except in name.

It is a remarkable fact, however, that this pressure from behind the scenes seems always to be exerted against those organs which advocate patriotic principles, while the Red publications are allowed to proclaim their subversive doctrines unhindered.

We want more fearless patriots like Lady Houston, who refuse to be muzzled by subterranean hints, threats of machinations to ensure loss of advertising revenue, and other underhand weapons which the Government does not seem to hesitate to employ.

J. L. MANSFIELD.

Leeds.

The One Hope

SIR,—Plain speaking, as Lady Houston points out in her article "Mea Culpa," is just what this pusillanimous Government does NOT want.

Both Ramsay MacDonald and Baldwin have grown old in the art of saying the opposite to what they really mean, while Sir John Simon, that timorous Liberal, is an adept at evasion.

Until we get a real Conservative Government with a Cabinet of honest men who put the welfare of their country before all things, I am afraid we shall read the truth very seldom indeed.

Meanwhile, all power to Lady Houston, the one person in England who both knows the truth and proclaims it.

I have no doubt that Ramsay's minions have done their best to muzzle her. I am equally sure they will never succeed.

L. G. GATEHOUSE.

Bournemouth.

The Cost of it!

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Having just returned from Palestine, I may remind you of what happened to "Truth" long ago!

The answer is the same to-day. Pioneers must be prepared to suffer the consequences of Righteousness. It is *useless* to expect any nation (or National Government) to foster Truth as *practical* politics (or policy).

As the Arab proverb says: "In a country when the people are *blind* it is dangerous to *see*."

Heartily yours for Truth at any cost. We know *what* it cost "Him," and it will be the same in many places from what I have seen East (India for five years) as well as in Europe on my way back.

JOHN A. LAWRENCE.

11, Grafton Street,
Brighton, Sussex.

"National" Madness

SIR,—It is quite evident from what is going on behind the scenes that the MacDonald-Baldwin partnership is determined, if permitted to do so, to kill the Conservative Party as such. This intrigue can only be scotched by Conservatives, who still believe in the principles enunciated by Disraeli, rallying together and not only forcing a dissolution of that unholy alliance, but also insisting upon the resignation of Mr. Baldwin as the leader of the Party. Only by such action can the soul of Conservatism be saved.

Is it not scandalous that a Liberal candidate has been adopted in the Perth Division of Scotland, which since 1924 has been represented by a Conservative? What were Conservatives thinking of by permitting such a selection?

The latest move towards the consummation of the MacDonald-Baldwin plot has been made in Mitcham. At

its recent annual meeting the Mitcham Conservative Association, on the proposition of the Member for the Division (Sir Richard Mellor), elected unanimously a Liberal as its Chairman, a step which is as humiliating as it is outrageous.

Major Mallinson, the gentleman in question, had the audacity to state, after accepting office, that "I am not losing my identity as a Liberal, but for the time suspending my activities in this direction . . . If we are to oppose the Socialist forces, we of the Liberal and Conservative Parties must combine against the opposing forces."

Now, Sir, how is it possible to oppose successfully the evils of Socialism when associated with men who still hold to their old Socialist views? Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Mr. MacDonald not so very long ago urged Miss Ellen Wilkinson to go on preaching Socialism.

The whole position is farcical, and to make an appeal to the electorate on the ground of "opposing the Socialist forces" would be absolutely dishonest and despicable. Is it any wonder that the youth of both sexes is rallying under the banner of Sir Oswald Mosley, for, much as one may dislike Fascism, his general programme is one which all true Conservatives can support.

If the present Government appeal to the country on the pretence of being a "National" Party, then as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, so sure will it be that the Socialists will be returned with a working majority.

12, Hawthorn Road,
Wallington, Surrey.

ERNEST JAMES.

The Strength of True Conservatism

SIR,—Mr. Baldwin, in view of his record as a loser of General Elections, can hardly be accepted either as a prophet or a soothsayer.

His assertion that the Conservatives cannot win a clear majority single-handed is self-condemnatory, since it shows that something unusual must have happened since the last General Election when the Conservative Party swept the board and, as a result, should have dominated the House of Commons in the interests of that true Conservatism for which the electorate gave an unmistakable mandate.

The "something unusual" which has in fact happened during the past three and a half years has been the subordination by Mr. Baldwin of true Conservative principles to the exigencies of National Liberal and National Socialist "rumples."

This has demonstrably alienated the support of a large proportion of those electors who, having in two years experienced the ruination of which alone Socialism is and always will be capable, voted on the last occasion for undiluted Conservatism as the only antidote to Socialist scoundrelism.

The results of by-elections have proved conclusively that real Conservatism can always succeed, while the pink and synthetic Conservatism for which Mr. Baldwin stands merely leads to sufficient abstentions from voting to enable Socialist candidates to succeed.

Upon each of the two occasions when the Socialists came into office, Mr. Baldwin was responsible, simply because he misrepresented the Conservative or largest section of the electorate.

He is doing precisely the same thing to-day and it will be a miracle if, owing to mass abstention from voting by disgusted Conservative electors, Mr. Baldwin does not meet with his third débâcle.

PHILIP H. BAYER.

58, Welbeck Street, W.1.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Jubilee Boon

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

My "Comrades" and self would be very grateful if you could put forward our case in your patriotic paper the *Saturday Review*.

It would be a fine Jubilee Year gesture on the part of the Government if it could provide for "Veterans" who fought in the wars of three sovereigns—Queen Victoria, King Edward, and King George—so that they might end their days in comfort.

Our pensions brought up to a living wage would be much appreciated in this "Jubilee" year.

H. L. POOLE (disabled Pensioner).

29, William Street,
Plymouth, Devon.

Some Appreciations

SIR,—I studied the *Saturday Review* with great interest, and I concur heartily with many of the actions you uphold—in particular the strengthening of our Air Force—and I have the greatest admiration for Lady Houston's patriotic work, both past and present.

Wishing you the best of success in the furtherment of your truly British policy.

ROBERT BRUCE.

Glencarnie Lodge, Dunphail, Morayshire.

SIR,—I was much struck by an article in the *Saturday Review* on the American Debt; it is a pity the article cannot be circulated throughout the U.S. The writers of all the articles I have read seem to me to be actuated by that rarest of all the qualities, common sense, and to have the courage of their opinions unhesitatingly expressed. Your publication is deserving the support of all who desire the welfare of their country and the community.

EGERTON B. LAWFORD.

36, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7.

A New Zealand Grouse

SIR,—Your New Zealand correspondent "Antipodean" states that the mail services here are as good as in London.

There are two deliveries a day in Wellington, which we get any time between 9.30 to 11, and 2.30 to 4.30, according to how near you live to the G.P.O.

On holidays there are none and including Sunday, there have been no deliveries of letters for three days, when Christmas Day comes on a Monday.

Your correspondent also states it is hotter in summer in the North Island. They have higher temperatures in the South Island during the summer, which can be proved by looking up the Year Book.

He also talks of picking half a dozen kinds of fruit in the garden, which are not all ripe at the same season and grow in different parts of New Zealand.

Most strawberries are grown in the Auckland district and most of the cherries come from Australia, and are a luxury here.

I have been in New Zealand nearly 40 years and have not seen cherries growing.

There is a lot of rubbish published in England about the country—an "ideal climate," etc. We have gales, droughts, frosts, floods, off and on all the year round.

Sixty per cent. of the men were rejected for war service and it's called a healthy country! It may be, but it evidently does not make a healthy race.

The English mail usually arrives about an hour before the outward mail to England closes.

That is how they do things in New Zealand. We do not all have private boxes or live next to the G.P.O.

EX-LONDONER.

Wellington, New Zealand.

"Antipodean's" Reply

"Antipodean" replies:

"Ex-Londoner" is wrong in almost all of his statements. The New Zealand mails are delivered twice a day

from 7.30 a.m. as in London. There are no deliveries on Christmas Day in London, or on Boxing Day.

As to temperatures in summer, I assert on the authority of the Official Year Book, now before me, that in the North Island the heat is greater in Summer months than in the South Island.

At Christmas time in New Zealand I have picked ripe raspberries, strawberries, cherries, black-currents, and plums. Cherries grow in profusion in most parts of New Zealand, and if "Ex-Londoner" has not found any in 40 years he has been rather slow. In my last Christmas cruise in the Picton Sounds I filled two kerosine tins with luscious wild cherries.

Finally, it is absolutely incorrect to say that 60 per cent. of the men were rejected for war service. As a matter of fact 42 per cent. of the whole eligible male population saw service abroad. New Zealand had the lowest proportion of rejects, for physical defects, of any country in the British Empire—indeed of all countries engaged in the war. This is a matter of history.

Land Settlement for the Unemployed

SIR,—The work which the Land Settlement Association was set up to do for the unemployed is now well under way.

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Malcolm Stewart, who presented us with an estate at Potton in Bedfordshire, the first of our "Colonies," so to call them, is now in being, and the Association has already authorised the buying of two additional estates in order to complete the first half of the programme which Mr. Stewart, now Commissioner for the Special Areas of England and Wales, has asked us to undertake to relieve unemployment in the Durham and South Wales areas.

Actually, we hope to have six settlements, each of forty families, which means two hundred and forty families, or roughly a thousand people, in hand within the next twelve months.

Before we proceed to buy the next two "Pottons," I want, through your columns, to ask those landowners whom you number among your readers, and who can if they will, follow the example of Mr. Malcolm Stewart at Potton, to consider presenting us with the necessary land.

Land, let me point out, ranks to its full value with donations of money in enabling us to claim the Government's pound-for-pound guarantee.

It is true that we already have promises of subscriptions amounting in total to a very considerable sum. But these subscriptions are, for the most part, spread over five, and in some cases seven, years, and it is now that we want both the land and the money.

The cost of settling a man and his family on the land, according to our carefully considered calculations, is roughly £750. The cost of a complete "Potton," of which we want to have six going this year, is £30,000.

But there is this attraction in giving a donation to the land settlement scheme. Each contribution is immediately doubled, if not actually trebled. A donation of £10,000 in money or in land enables us, with the Government contribution and the corresponding contribution which the Commissioner for the Special Areas has promised in so far as the schemes affect the Special Areas, gives us that £30,000. A donation of £10,000 means, therefore, the starting of another Potton.

And equally—the point may appeal to those who are unable to contribute in thousands—£250 becomes £750.

That is the appeal I make to the generosity of your readers. Give us of your land, or give us of your money.

PERCY JACKSON

(Chairman, Land Settlement Association.)

Broadway Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1.

New Books I can Recommend

By the LITERARY CRITIC

THE King's forthcoming Jubilee is already producing an abundant harvest of books.

Two out this week are published at popular prices, and the one which Sir Philip Gibbs has edited for Messrs. Hutchinson is certainly remarkable value for the money, with its wealth of illustrations and its lucid, straightforward narrative covering the chief events of the past twenty-five years.

Lady Cynthia Asquith's book, which is less pretentious in size, is a study not so much of the King's reign as of His Majesty's personality, home life and personal tastes.

Dizzy's Mary Anne

In his delightful and illuminating biography of Lady Beaconsfield, Mr. F. E. Baily depicts her as "a great heroine of a great love story, and not only a great love story but a great unselfish love story."

"From her forty-seventh year onward (when she married Disraeli) Mary Anne's whole life was an act of homage to and admiration for her husband. She mothered him, nursed him, used her own financial resources to stave off his creditors, provided him with the very roof over his head and, above all, had absolute and unshakable faith in him."

Disraeli's "daemonic" character needed the stimulus of admiration to go on and conquer. Mary Anne provided that stimulus in full measure. And she "had her reward. She was the perfect wife, but her husband never missed an opportunity of telling her so."

The Russian Nightmare

As the son of a Russian nihilist and as one who from his "earliest years was whole-heartedly sympathetic to Communism," Mr. J. H. Rubin might have been expected to be more enthusiastic than critical towards his Bolshevik friends—especially as on his first return to the land of his birth he was imprisoned and narrowly escaped being executed by the Whites.

But the more he saw of the methods of the Bolshevik leaders—and particularly of Lenin—the more alarmed he became and the more anxious he was to get away from the Russian "nightmare."

With considerable difficulty he eventually managed to escape. Ten years later he was induced to make a second visit to Russia, but still found it to be a "strange and sinister country."

Since then he has received conflicting reports from Russian friends—"one reflecting a Utopian vision, the other a grim reality," and there can be little doubt which is the true story.

The Country of the Future

Mr. Basil Fuller has great faith in the future of Canada. He goes so far as to anticipate a time when the Dominion will become the economic centre of the British Empire, with the capital of that Empire automatically shifted to Ottawa. And further than this, he thinks it quite within the range of possibilities that Canada some day may begin "a peaceful annexation" of the United States, who "have lost the sure 'grip' that was once their boast."

Such anticipations may perhaps raise a smile. But apart from these particular predictions Mr. Fuller seems to have good ground for his belief in Canada's future prosperity.

A Naval Adventure

In the spring of 1933 five young British naval officers on the China Squadron conceived the notion of building a 23-ton sailing ship and proceeding home in her across the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

Thus the *Tai-Mo-Shan* came into being and a joyous adventure—all the more joyous because of the perils involved—was duly carried out according to programme. Lieut.-Commander Sherwood tells the story of this one-year voyage in simple naval fashion, but the record suffices to show how the old Elizabethan spirit that gained for us the command of the seas still survives in the Navy of to-day.

The Arab and His Steed

Mr. Carl Raswan in his early twenties fought in the Great War on the side of the Turks, first in the Dardanelles and then in the vicinity of the Suez Canal. He had previously spent some years in Arabia, and that country, its people and its horses exercised a strong fascination on his mind. Accordingly, after the war he took the earliest opportunity that offered to renew acquaintance with the country.

The book he has now written is the fruit of some twenty years' wanderings among the Bedouins—"migrating, hunting, raiding, starving and feasting with them." It gives us a vivid picture of life in the desert and also much interesting information about the Arab horse.

History and Biography: "The Book of the King's Jubilee," edited by Sir Philip Gibbs (with 500 photographs and illustrations, Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.); "Lady Beaconsfield and Her Times," by F. E. Baily (with 17 illustrations, Hutchinson, 18s.); "God Save the King," by Lady Cynthia Asquith (illustrated, Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6.).

Travel and Exploration: "Moscow Mirage," by J. H. Rubin (Geoffrey Bles, 10s. 6d.); "The Voyage of the *Tai-Mo-Shan*," by Martyn Sherwood, R.N. (illustrated, Geoffrey Bles, 12s. 6d.); "Canada To-day and To-morrow," by Basil Fuller (with 39 illustrations, Stanley Paul, 15s.); "The Black Tents of Arabia," by Carl R. Raswan (with 97 photographs, Hutchinson, 18s.); "African Log," by Shaw Desmond (with 63 photographs, Hutchinson, 18s.).

General: "Modern Mystics," by Sir Francis Young-husband (Murray, 10s. 6d.); "The World of Midgets," by Walter Bodin & Burnet Hershey (illustrated, Jarrolds, 18s.).

NOVELS:

"The Descent of the Idol," by J. Durych (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.); "Five to the Horizon," by Cecil Mailen (Denis Archer); "A Victorian Bacchante," by Mrs. Fred Reynolds (Lane, the Bodley Head); "Minstrels' Gallery," by Raymond Burns (Constable); "The Black God's Shrine," by Louis Hodgkiss (Denis Archer).

Short Stories: "Red, Green and Amber," by Peter Traill (Grayson & Grayson); "Told in the Market Place," by F. Britten Austin (Thornton Butterworth).

Adventure, Crime and Mystery: "The Grammarian's Funeral," by Edward Acheson (Hutchinson); "The Man They Could Not Kill," by James Corbett (Herbert Jenkins, 3s. 6d.); "The Bournemouth Murders," by Lynton Blow (Thornton Butterworth); "Crime on a Cruise," by Kathlyn Rhodes (Hutchinson); "The Doctor from Devil's Island," by Charles Rushton (Herbert Jenkins); "Death on the Cherwell," by M. Dorial Hay (Skeffington).

All the novels 7s. 6d., except where otherwise stated.

THEATRE

A LEG FROM THE DEVIL

"The Comedy of Good and Evil" Gate Theatre

By Richard Hughes.

MR. HUGHES' play has been described as a minor classic, and perhaps it is—for those who can understand the Welsh idiom. There is no doubt something very funny in the spectacle of a crippled woman receiving a new leg from the Devil—a leg, moreover, which becomes extremely unruly. I felt that I was meant to laugh at the scene between the local representative of Good and Evil when they argue about the destination of the soul of the dead minister, but I merely found myself wondering what on earth it was all about.

Mr. Hughes always writes well, and no doubt his picture of life as lived at Cylfant is a faithful one, but he is not successful when dealing with the supernatural. Perhaps it is difficult for an ordinary Englishman to appreciate the subtleties of Welsh humour—I do not know, and if I say that I found this play completely funny, no doubt Mr. Hughes will be lenient with me and take into consideration the accident of my nationality. Miss Diana Morgan gave a sensitive and sincere performance as the woman who finds herself saddled with an unruly limb of doubtful origin. Mr. Arthur Young was restrained and simple as her clerical husband, while Alexis France and Geoffrey Wincott played two preposterous parts as though they believed in them. The production, as is always the case at the Gate Theatre, was intelligent and apt.

"Justice"

Playhouse Theatre

By John Galsworthy.

Galsworthy's play is far too well known for it to be necessary to recapitulate the plot or to discuss its merits. In this revival the production and the acting are more important than the play, and I must confess disappointment in both. There was a slowness and a bleakness about the production which was responsible for the fact that my attention frequently wandered. As for the acting, it was not, in my opinion, altogether worthy of the play. Mr. Stephen Haggard is a young actor of great promise, but he did not satisfy me as Falder. He was too static and assumed an immobility of expression which made his presentation of the defaulting junior clerk almost dull. Also he must produce something better in the nature of a cockney accent if he is ever to convince an audience in this type of part.

Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is so very rarely at fault that it was disappointing to see her miscast. Mr. Leon M. Lion is a suave and convincing counsel for the defence, but was inclined to allow himself too many mannerisms. Mr. Malcolm Keen gave a dignified performance as the Judge and made full use of his fine resonant voice. But it was not altogether a satisfying evening.

"Charlot's Char-a-Bang"

Vaudeville

To say that I enjoyed my outing with Mr. Charlot and his talented company would be to put

it mildly. Any evening spent with Mr. Reginald Gardiner as cicerone is bound to be amusing, especially if he has had the foresight to bring with him Mr. John Tilley. Herr Gardiner conducting an orchestral gramophone record, Reginald (Jack Buchanan) Gardiner in a Shakespearean Revue, John Tilley as a Scoutmaster, Elsie Randolph, Jack Clewes, Reginald Smith, Iris Baker, Hedley Briggs and an extremely good-looking chorus all combine to make an entertaining after-dinner show. There are one or two items which are somewhat below par, and no doubt Mr. Charlot will see the wisdom of removing them, thereby enabling the audience to leave the theatre before half-past eleven.

"... and a Woman Passed By" Duke of York's

By Vernon Sylvaine.

It is a pity that such a gifted actress as Kathleen O'Regan should be compelled to display her talents in such a morbid play. A jealous woman is bad enough, but the picture of a wife so eaten up with jealousy that life becomes a burden to her is not a particularly elevating sight, nor did I find myself able to believe in it for one moment. Mr. Ion Swinley, as the harassed husband, tried manfully to infuse reality into an impossible part but never succeeded in producing a character which could inspire such an overwhelming emotion. The only light in the darkness was provided by Miss Edie Martin as a daily help. Mr. Sylvaine produced his own play well and made the most of the depressing material, but it was an evening of gloom.

C.S.

**If you are off Your Game
Here's a Remedy**

Six Golfing Shots

by

Six Famous Players

Edited by

Bernard Darwin

CONTENTS

Introduction	- - -	by Bernard Darwin
The Drive	- - -	by Abe Mitchell
Through the Green—The Brassie and the Spoon	- - -	by George Duncan
Iron and Mashie Play	- - -	by J. H. Taylor
The Pitch-and-Run	- - -	by James M. Barnes
In Bunkers and Hazards	- - -	by James Braid
Putting	- - -	by Arnaud Massy

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MOTORING

Belisha Ruins an Industry

Motor Firms Face Bankruptcy

By Sefton Cummings

MR. HORE BELISHA is plunging an industry into ruin. I hinted that this would very likely be the case some little time ago; careful investigations have proved that my prediction was only too true. The exasperating and totally unnecessary legislation which has produced this lamentable state of affairs is the laughable thirty mile an hour speed limit in built-up areas.

Mr. Belisha will say that this was not his doing, but was a relic from the shambles of his predecessor. I admit that. But if a Minister can inaugurate new laws, he can also repeal old ones; moreover, he can repeal them with very little trouble when his party has an enormous majority. So either Mr. Belisha is a fool who will tolerate the ill-considered and irresponsible repressions of an incompetent dilettante or else he is even more foolish and approves of Lord Stanley's impractical idealism.

This is what Mr. Belisha—for he, as the Minister in power at the moment, must be held totally responsible—has done. He has seriously jeopardised the prosperity of many manufacturers of high class motor cars; he has threatened with unemployment a great number of highly skilled workmen, to say nothing of a still greater number of semi-skilled and unskilled wage-earners in associated trades; he has faced with bankruptcy many firms engaged in the distributing trade, with the immediate prospect of a further rise in unemployment; and he has let the Americans once again get a firm grip upon our market to the exclusion of our own products.

What the Makers Say

This is a serious indictment. I will now justify it by demonstrating exactly what Mr. Belisha has done to one of our basic industries. A number of personal inquiries from responsible officials of motor manufacturers and distributors have elicited the following unanimous facts: In no case was there a dissentient.

Famous manufacturers of high class and sports cars:

Case 1.—Sales down appreciably since 30 m.p.h. limit.

Case 2.—Sales down by an alarming percentage.

Case 3.—Are trying to combat sales opposition due to recent legislation by arguing that the quality of car produced will make for sweeter running in the trying conditions imposed. Have found that customers are little influenced by this and take the line that to buy a car with any respectable performance is a waste of money.

Universally known distributors:

Case 4.—Sales went up when twenty-mile-an-hour limit was rescinded, in spite of the fact that it was little observed. Sales dropped heavily immediately upon imposition of thirty mile per hour limit in built-up areas. Hope, but are not confident, that they may recover when public get more used to new limit and treat it with the contempt with

which they treated the old twenty mile per hour limit.

Case 5.—Sales since imposition of thirty mile per hour limit in built-up areas have dropped so considerably as to be viewed very seriously indeed. Dividend may have to be dropped this year for the first time for many years. A number of dismissals inevitable. Considered opinion that many small firms will be forced into liquidation before the end of the year unless something is done.

Cancelled Orders

Case 6.—Have an enormous number of letters from potential customers cancelling their orders for high-class English cars. Some have bought inferior articles made in this country on the ground that, in view of the restrictive legislation, anything will do. The majority have bought American cars at a third of the price they would have been prepared to pay for a high-class English article on account of their high-powered, slow-revving engines.

Here you see what Mr. Belisha has done. But he has actually done a great deal more than this to ruin an industry, laboriously built up in the face of gigantic competition by the sweat of Englishmen's brows.

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OPPOSITE THE LAW COURTS

EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Air Race to Adelaide

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

SPURRED by the brilliant success of the Mildenhall-Melbourne air race, most spectacular feature of the centenary celebrations of the neighbouring State of Victoria, South Australia is looking to aviation to bring her name before the world when she celebrates her own hundred years at the end of 1936.

Mr. R. L. Butler, Premier of South Australia, is in London consulting aviation authorities with his proposal. It has not yet taken definite shape, but South Australia is wisely refraining from attempting a mere repetition of the speed race to Melbourne.

Speed will count in the race to Adelaide, but it is passenger and freight capacity combined with speed which will take the prize.

It would be most fitting if South Australia should receive the support of the aircraft industry of this and foreign countries, for the longest airline in the world—the Imperial Airways-Qantas Empire Airways' route from London to Brisbane, 12,803 miles—was pioneered by two South Australians. They were Sir Keith Smith and his more famous brother, the late Sir Ross Smith. They blazed the trail in 1919 in a converted bomber.

In the strictly formal sense, Victoria is two years older than South Australia. This is rather unfortunate

from the point of view of the South Australian Premier, who has encountered some opposition on the ground that the Adelaide race comes too soon after that to Melbourne to be of outstanding value to aviation.

Mr. Butler is not depressed by that. He remembers the cool reception from this country when the Melbourne race first was proposed, the diffidence of the British Government and the apathy of the British public till some patriotic people insisted that not to win this Imperial and international event would be a heavy blow to British prestige.

Mr. Butler is basing his plan upon the present hothouse growth of aviation, upon the air-mindedness of Australia and its geographical and economic suitability to commercial flying, and the realisation that aircraft are soon going to take a large percentage of inter-capital travellers in the Commonwealth.

He realises that the prize must be substantial—larger, probably, than the £10,000 given to the winners of the Melbourne race—and that if passenger capacity is to be made one of the main requirements of competing aircraft, they must not be delivered the 18,000 miles odd to Adelaide dazed and exhausted.

Mr. Butler proposes to have conditions inserted providing for a minimum time before which competitors must not reach Adelaide, and for reasonable stops for passengers to rest.

Imperial Opinions

"It is by fostering trade within the Empire that we shall prosper."—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at the Mansion House.

"The worst place for transacting business is the office, with its green baize and its files and its gazettes. The best place is where hunks of meat hiss over camp fires and full bellies tend to goodwill."—Mr. R. E. H. Bally, a former Governor in the Sudan, in a broadcast talk.

New Zealand's Spokesmen

By "Antipodean."

NEW ZEALAND will be represented at the Jubilee celebrations by her Prime Minister, Mr. Forbes.

Mrs. Forbes is coming with her husband, and the two, with their unaffected charm, are certain to be very popular, as they were on their previous visits to London in 1930 and 1933.

Mr. Forbes has no other Government Ministers with him, but the Finance Minister, Mr. Coates, who remained behind to take charge of Parliamentary affairs, will arrive half-way through May. The New Zealand Parliament closed last week.

His particular duty will be to handle negotiations for the Dominion concerning the meat levy or quota. Up to the present the High Commissioner, Sir James Parr, has ably represented the Dominion in these matters, and he, with Mr. Coates, should be able most capably to uphold New Zealand's interests.

Mr. Forbes has very successfully guided New Zealand through a most difficult period. As Prime Minister he has not shrunk from accepting responsibility for drastic reorganisations in the Dominion necessary to meet and overcome problems created by the economic depression.

As Minister for Finance, and Leader in the House of Representatives, Mr. Coates has proved himself a statesman of exceptional courage and ability. Not only has he accepted party responsibility for most of the general financial economies that were necessary, but he has initiated in the last year or two, and successfully carried through, measures of the greatest importance.

Mr. Coates is no stranger to London. He came here as New Zealand's Prime Minister to the 1926 Imperial Conference.

He was born in New Zealand, but he comes of very old Herefordshire yeomen stock.



Aerial view of Adelaide



The Palace, Mysore

Silver Jubilee

Wake Up, Whitehall!

AS long ago as last November I stressed in these columns the fact that official arrangements for the Jubilee were far from satisfactory. There was a reticence regarding the programme, which must have resulted in a net loss of well over a million pounds to Britain, for many overseas visitors will not have had time to make their plans.

Until early this year not one detail was allowed to leak out about the whole affair. Journalists in search of news were fobbed off. No one at Whitehall knew anything; certain plans might be under consideration or might not; nothing could be said for the present.

It was the old, old tale of dilly-dally, and apparently still is. The *Sunday Express*, three weeks ago, came out with a splash story that the Jubilee procession would only take four minutes to pass any given spot. No denial was issued by the powers-that-be. Instead, it seems obvious that they held a conference and decided that more pomp should be introduced into the affair. Yet, surely if the *Sunday Express* story was accurate, the public should have known, if only for the fact that one million pounds' worth of seats for the procession have been on sale.

Even so, no one yet knows the truth about the Jubilee procession—the most auspicious event in the last 25 years. Any inquiry brings forth the information that "it is still under consideration"—and this less than three weeks before the event!

The whole truth is that Whitehall is sure of its crowds, whatever the cavalcade. But surely the public is entitled to know exactly what is going on. Most of us, in any event, would come up to pay respects to our King and Queen, but surely we are entitled to receive some guide as to what train we may expect to catch back.

There is no reason why a complete official programme should not be

issued without delay through the proper channels.

Somebody must wake up!

Mysore's Trade Push

MYSORE, probably the most progressive Indian State, is making a big trade push in England. It is the only State with a Trade Commissioner over here, and Mr. C. Ranganatha's activities at the moment are covering a wide field, sandalwood oil, granite, and coffee being the main markets he is developing.

During the last two years, about 12,000 tons of granite kerbstone have been imported into England from Mysore, and a beginning has been made in the import of monumental stones. As the trade shows signs of permanence, it is to be handed over to private enterprise, and a representative of a private contractor from Mysore is under training at the Trade Commissioner's office to take control.

The output of sandalwood in Mysore is from two-thirds to three-fourths the output in all India—about 3,000 tons p.a.—and is practically all reserved for the Government distillation factory, which started as an experiment in 1916-17, and has been a phenomenally successful enterprise ever since. Sandalwood oil is used in the manufacture of most of the purest soaps and perfumes.

The area under coffee in Mysore is on an average 110,000 acres, and the annual output is estimated at 7,500 tons, which is half the total production in India. It is of the "mild" variety, and, but for apathy in the trade, should be assured of a good market over here.

Planters met in London recently to discuss the launching of an advertising campaign. It is proposed to send the expert of the late Empire Marketing Board to India to advise growers on the special features of the United Kingdom market, and the nature of the propaganda which should be undertaken.

All of which shows that this State is fully alive as to its potentialities and, in the words of its Trade Commissioner, shows a determined refusal to be discouraged by difficulties in the path to greater economic advancement.

Canada's Central Bank

By A. C. MacNeish.

Montreal, March 16.

THE much heralded Central Bank of Canada, a national institution based largely on the form of the Bank of England, went into active operation in the Dominion on March 11, taking over the credit and currency responsibility previously administered by the Ministry of Finance.

The Central Bank of Canada, it may be remembered, was authorized by the Dominion Government in 1934, after a commission headed by Lord MacMillan had reported on the advisability of such an institution. Mr. Graham F. Towers, a young Montreal banker, and high executive of the Royal Bank of Canada, one of Canada's two largest banks, was appointed Governor of the Central Bank in September, 1934. And Mr. J. A. C. Osborne, Secretary of the Bank of England, was appointed Deputy Governor.

The capital stock of the Bank was fixed at \$5,000,000 (£1,000,000), made up of 100,000 shares of \$50 (£10) par value.

A patriotic gesture is evident in the new note issue of the Central Bank. Differing from the notes issued by the chartered banks, showing portraits of the chief officials of the bank, the new notes are largely given over to the Royal Family.

A portrait of King George appears in the \$1 green note; Queen Mary, in evening dress, wearing tiara and necklace, appears on the blue \$2 bill; the Prince of Wales, in Colonel's uniform, is on the \$5 bill; Princess Mary is represented on the \$10 bill; Princess Elizabeth on the \$20 bill; the Duke of York on the \$50 bill;

and the Duke of Gloucester on the \$100 note.

A special \$25 bill will be issued by the Central Bank commemorating the Silver Jubilee of Their Majesties; the Dominion Government having already decided to issue a special Silver Jubilee dollar.

While an immediate expansion of credit emanating from the Central Bank is not likely, powers for expansion to the limit of a note issue up to four times the gold holding will be made as soon as practicable; helping to liquefy many frozen assets, and sick industries.

As the caretaker of Dominion finance, the bank will be also used in helping to finance several public works schemes, in order to relieve unemployment.

Lusaka: N. Rhodesia's New Capital

By "Lictor"

BETWEEN the highlands of Northern and Southern Rhodesia is an irregularly-shaped strip of comparatively low-lying country along which runs the Zambesi on its way to the Indian Ocean. The great river forms the boundary between the two territories.

In 1907 the British South Africa Company made the little town of Livingstone, near the Victoria Falls, the capital of North-Western Rhodesia, while the separate protectorate of North-Eastern Rhodesia was administered from Fort Jameson. Then, when these two territories were amalgamated, Livingstone became the capital of united Northern Rhodesia.

Its geographical position had serious disadvantages. Being situated on the extreme southern edge of the Colony, and only some 3,000 feet above sea-level, it is awkward of access from all but the southern districts and, during the hot season, its climate is somewhat enervating.

The opening of the great copper mines in the north of the colony shifted the industrial centre of gravity still further from Livingstone. When, in 1924, the Colonial Office took over the government of Northern Rhodesia it was proposed to seek a more central site for the capital.

After careful investigation and not a little heart-burning, a pleasantly contoured ridge of well-drained land was selected near the little township of Lusaka, 200 miles north-east of Livingstone and therefore well in the centre of the country.

It is difficult to see where a better site could have been found. The new Lusaka has been laid out on the most modern scientific system of artistic town-planning. Ornamental trees are growing up beside excellent offices, dwellings and barracks. Lusaka is 4,200 ft. above sea-level.

It is on the railway line that runs north between Bulawayo and Elizabethville, and in the line of flight of the Imperial Airways' mail-planes

between Croydon and Cape Town. It is in the middle of a considerable agricultural area, and motor roads connect it with important centres to the east and west.

The Governor of Northern Rhodesia expects to move into the new Government House on the King's birthday.

It is indeed high time that His Majesty's representatives and their principal assistants had more dignified and convenient quarters than those provided at Livingstone.

It is natural that the commercial community at the old capital should feel aggrieved at the change, but the Government has done its obvious duty in placing general before sectional interests.

The cry, often heard during the last few years, that vast sums were being spent on another Canberra need not be taken seriously. It is possible that Northern Rhodesia will be amalgamated with Southern Rhodesia or, perhaps, join a federation of the East African territories. Even so, Lusaka would still be the proper site for the provincial headquarters.

Failing the proposed railway line between Salisbury (the capital of Southern Rhodesia) and Kafue, in Northern Rhodesia, a direct road between Salisbury and Lusaka will certainly have to be considered. At present both rail and road routes travel round three sides of a square.

Although Livingstone is no longer the headquarters of government, it still has its share of the Victoria Falls. Already there are signs that the rather sleepy old capital of Northern Rhodesia is waking up to the fact that it has its own marvellous natural attractions which, if energetically exploited, will bring it greater prosperity than it has ever known before.

Wealth or White Elephants

By J. W. Kirk.

IN 1889 a handful of British settlers in Livingstone's country, afterwards called Nyasaland, petitioned the late Lord Salisbury to take over that territory, so that they might be protected from hostile and marauding native tribes.

Lord Salisbury consented and sent out the late Sir Harry Johnston with orders to proclaim a British Protectorate, and administer the country. Portugal put in a claim as being under her sphere of influence but Sir Harry's diplomacy triumphed and the Portuguese expedition retired.

Missionaries, Planters and Traders all helped in the work of settlement and pacification. They were mostly young men and many lost their lives; hardly a tombstone in the Mission Cemetery recorded a death over thirty years.

Sir Harry got together a staff of sorts. His chief of staff was an elephant hunter who, years after, as Sir Alfred Sharpe, was appointed first Governor of Nyasaland.

Of course nothing could be done without money, so a grant-in-aid of £30,000 per annum was arranged by the home authorities. British settlers were encouraged to go out and take up land, start local industries; create a demand for native labour. A small hut tax was imposed on the natives, import and export duties and other sources of revenue were levied, and the country began to grow.

After several years of steady improvement revenue and expenditure were equalised, the Protectorate became self-supporting, the grant was withdrawn and a Crown colony was established with Governor and Council, on which leading Colonists were appointed to serve.

No natives as yet, but some magisterial authority was given to selected native chiefs.



A typical Nyasaland scene
East African Dependencies

Gradually policy and circumstances began to change. The welfare of the European settlers became of less interest than that of the native, for whose education the Government had allotted special funds.

The capital of the settlers had been irretrievably sunk and taxation was excessive, especially in view of the world slump in produce prices. Now was the time for some form of preference or protection in the home markets as enjoyed by foreign colonies.

Nyasaland unfortunately, by trade treaties, allowed foreign goods the same facilities as British, both outward and inward. Moreover it is a fact that to-day the country is flooded with cheap native goods from Japan.

Advancement of the Native

Europeans were told that the Government was there primarily in the interests of the native. European cultivation decreased, and a number of bankruptcies occurred.

Notwithstanding increased effort

and inducement on the part of the Government to stimulate native agriculture little advance was made, and as a consequence there is serious and increasing unemployment among natives, an unheard of condition in the early days.

The danger is that advanced native education, coupled with poverty, breeds discontent. Thus it is easy to understand how agitators arise and spread disaffection and revolt.

Encouragement is now being given to the making of native talkie films, with native actors, in native languages, all in the cause of education and uplift, and the possibilities in this direction are stupendous, for good or bad.

What is Imperial Policy? Apparently it is that, like India, all overseas territory is to be eventually handed back to local inhabitants under some form of self-government, without compensation, trade protection or tariffs to speak of, without even reserving any rights over civil appointments except for a Governor-Generalship. Its sole foundation is goodwill.

That Nyasaland is typical of the rest is confirmed by a statement published a few days ago that Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, Nyasaland are all unable to pay their dues on loans, and the Imperial Government, otherwise the taxpayer, has had to forego them.

Our Imperial policy seems only to have succeeded in creating a series of White Elephants, who become more and more expensive to keep. Is it too late to modify it in the direction of wealth—and security?

Call to Empire Youth

The Duke of Sutherland has consented to be President of the Dominions Ball to be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on Thursday, July 11th, in aid of the Youth of the Empire Guild, of which he is President.

Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck, who is Chairman of the Musical Advisory Committee of the Guild, is Chairman of the Ball Committee. The Earl of Derby, the Earl of Lonsdale and the Earl of Westmorland are among the Patrons.

The Youth of the Empire Guild is an organisation for developing the Unity of the British Peoples by furthering activities for Music, the Fine Arts, Literature and Sport amongst the Youth of the British Empire.

It stands for the Unity and Security of the Empire, but at the same time for the preservation of the individual characteristics of each unit.

It endeavours by the establishment of a chain of Youth Centres to foster a spirit of family comradeship.

The Guild arranges: Periodical talks on the Empire, illustrated by films and lantern slides; Musical and sports festivals to be held during Empire Week; Annual school music, dance and sports festivals; and Inter-Empire festival tours.

Empire Diary

Apr. 23—At 9.50 p.m., Broadcast on "Empire News," by Mr. H. V. Hodson, Editor of the "Round Table."

Apr. 25—Celebration of Anzac Day. Service at St. Clement Dane's Church at 11 a.m. Cenotaph ceremony at 12.45 p.m.

Mr. S. M. Lanigan O'Keeffe, High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia, at St. Mark's Hospital Dinner at the Mansion House.

At 4.15 p.m., The Rev. W. J. Wright, Dean of Nairobi, will give a talk on "Kenya," at a meeting of the East African Group of the Overseas League at Vernon House, Park Place, St. James, S.W.1.

Apr. 28—Mr. G. M. Huggins, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, arrives in England.

At 6.45 p.m., Broadcast on "The Empire at Work."

National Scout Service at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The service, which will be attended by 1,000 picked Scouts from all parts of Great Britain, will be broadcast from the chapel in the National programme at 3 p.m. It will take the customary form of Scouts' St. George's Day Services with the recital of the Scout Law and the re-affirmation of the Scout Promise.

Apr. 29—General Hertzog, Prime Minister of South Africa arrives in England.

At 12.30 for 1 p.m., R. E. S. Luncheon of Welcome to the South African Cricket Team at the Hotel Victoria. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Athlone in the chair, supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor of London.

Arrival of the South African Bowling Team.

Apr. 30—At 4 p.m. Reception at South Africa House by the High Commissioner, Mr. C. T. de Water, for the South African Tennis and Bowling Teams.

At 8 p.m., the Lady Norton "At Home" at the Dorchester, for the India Hot-Weather Ball, when Major-General Sir Alfred Knox, G.C.B., C.M.G., M.P., will speak on the merits of the Uniacke Residential Club for British soldiers and airmen at Murree, Punjab, Northern India. Those wishing to attend should write to The Lady Norton, 160, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

May 3—At 10 p.m., Reception at South Africa House by the High Commissioner, Mr. C. T. de Water, for General Hertzog, Prime Minister of South Africa.

Anzac Day

By G. Delop Stevenson

ON Thursday, Anzac Day is being celebrated in Australia, in New Zealand and in London. For the two Dominions it is an anniversary which overshadows even Armistice Day.

In both countries it is a public holiday and it commemorates more than the actual campaign at Gallipoli.

Australia and New Zealand consider it as the day on which they really entered the Great War and for the first time took on the full responsibilities of nationhood.

There had, of course, been two quick blows in the Pacific, the bloodless capture of Samoa by the New Zealanders within the first fortnight of the War, which was the first enemy territory to be taken anywhere, and the Australian seizure of German New Guinea.

It was not, however, until the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps landed on Gallipoli on April 25th, 1915, that the Southern Dominions received their real baptism of fire.

Anzac Day is, of course, a commemoration of the whole Gallipoli campaign. At the Cenotaph on Thursday, British, French and Indians, Australians and New Zealanders will all be represented as well as the British and French Navies and the Merchant Navy.

For England, however, this day has taken on a further significance. It is the time to remember and appreciate all that was done in the war by the Australians and New Zealanders. Gallipoli was only part of their effort.

New Zealand sent 100,000 men Overseas, which was 10 per cent. of her population, and 16,000 were killed. Australia sent 329,883 out of a population of about 5,000,000, and 59,342 were killed.

In London an Anzac service is being held in the morning at St. Clement Danes, which has been adopted as Australia's church in London, and this will be followed by laying wreaths at the Cenotaph. These, however, are not the only ceremonies in England. Local people and Overseas representatives are joining in smaller services outside London.

At Brookwood, near Woking, flowers will be put on the graves of men who died at the Australian hospital there. At Walton-on-Thames there was a New Zealand hospital and a memorial tablet to the dead New Zealanders will be unveiled in the evening at the parish church. At Holy Trinity Church, Eltham, wreaths will be laid for British soldiers who fought at Gallipoli in the Memorial Chapel of the 29th Division, and Australian and New Zealand representatives will take part.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the world, every town and village in Australia and New Zealand will be having its own ceremony.

LATEST EMPIRE ARRIVALS

Air Mail Passengers.—Mr. K. Holman, Mr. W. H. Markin, Mr. R. S. Wollen, and Mr. Davis, from Nairobi, Mrs. M. R. Strutt, from Khartoum, Mr. W. Grasebrook and Mr. R. Crofton from Nairobi, and Captain Mayor and Lord Grey, from Entebbe.

Australia.—Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Stedman, of Sydney; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Scott Waine, of Sydney; Sir Archibald and Lady Edmonstone, from a visit to Australia; Mrs. I. W. Higman and Miss I. J. Higman, of Muswellbrook, N.S.W.; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carver, from a visit to Australia; Mrs. R. C. Teece and Miss E. F. Teece, of Sydney; Mr. C. G. Sundstrom, managing director of the Federal Match Company, on a world tour with his wife, son and daughter-in-law; Miss Grace Lane and Mr. Gerald Savory, returning to the London stage after playing in Melbourne; Dr. Ivan Wartzki, of Melbourne; Mr. W. P. Mein, a Victorian grazier, with his wife and family; Mr. T. F. Plunkett, a member of the Queensland Parliament, and chairman of the Australian Dairy Produce Export Board; Mr. R. G. O'Connor, a leading Tasmanian grazier, and Mrs. O'Connor.

New South Wales.—Mr. T. J. Hartigan, Chief Commissioner for Railways, Miss Joan Hartigan, Mr. S. R. Nicholas, of the Railways Department, Mr. G. J. Evatt, J.P., Water Conservation and Irrigation Commissioner.

Canada.—Lady Price, Quebec, is at 4, Walton Street, S.W.3. Mr. G. E. W. Harrison, vice-president and production manager, Harrison Bros., Ltd., Montreal, and Mrs. Harrison, Hotel Metropole, Mr. R. W. Redford (Montreal) Claridge's, Mr. T. L. Gillespie, fruit grower, East Kelowna, Dean Hotel, Mr. G. E. Fraser, of the Fraser Publishing Co., Montreal, Regent Palace Hotel, Mr. E. E. Robinson, purchasing agent, H. Morgan and Co., Ltd., Montreal, in London, Mr. A. Burton Freer, of the Dominion Letter Shop, Toronto, 41, Queensborough Terrace, Mr. W. P. Riley, president and general manager, Western Grocers, Ltd., Cumberland Hotel, Mr. W. A. Murphy, vice-president, Reliance Grain Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, and Mrs. Murphy, Dorchester Hotel, Mr. F. C. Browning, president and general manager, Globe Indemnity Co., Ltd., Montreal, Mount Royal, Marble Arch, Mr. J. C. Hope, secretary-treasurer, Quality Press Ltd., Montreal, and Mrs. Hope, (Address: c/o Bank of Montreal, Waterloo Place), Mr. A. Beaumont Boggs, president, Boggs Beaumont and Co., financial and insurance agents, Victoria, (Address: c/o Lloyds Bank, Pall Mall), Lieut.-Col. W. Miles Miller, Toronto, who is serving in the Indian Army, and Mrs. Miles Miller, 12, Prince of Wales Terrace, Lieut.-Col. W. B. Almon, Halifax, private secretary to

Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and Miss L. Almon (Address: c/o Bank of Montreal, Waterloo Place), Mr. Theodore Kipp, managing director, Kipp-Kelly Durable Anchors, Ltd., and vice-president, Canadian Engineering and Construction Co., Ltd.,

East Africa.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Broomhead, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Daves, Mr. and Mrs. Dewar, Mr. M. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Green, Master G. Hardinge, Mrs. L. Holloway, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Howe, Miss Howe, Mrs. Jesse, Mr. and Mrs. H. Kidner, Col. and Mrs. C. Lees, Mr. and Mrs. A. McHutton, Mrs. H. Morgan, Mrs. A. Morris, Mr. H. Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. A. Phillips, Major E. J. Sharland, Mrs. E. Sharland, Mr. L. Sharp, Miss J. Simpson, Miss M. Slater, Mrs. C. D. Smith, Mrs. G. M. Soames, Mr. S. Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thomas, Miss C. W. Wilson, Mr. A. J. Wright, Mrs. M. Young, Mr. F. Crawford, Mr. H. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. D. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Westbury, Mrs. F. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. R. Calleja, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dickenson, Mr. D. Douglas, Mrs. S. Edwards, Mrs. H. Hare, Mr. C. M. Hone, Mr. A. Hone, Mrs. A. Price, Miss R. Walton, D. N. Stafford of Hoima, Uganda, c/o Messrs. J. K. Gilliat & Co., 10, Old Jewry, E.C.3, Colonel A. Fawcus, of Kenya Colony, The Bath Club, 34, Dover Street, London, W.1., H. M. Gardner, St. Hubert, St. Andrew's Drive, Malvern, Worcs.

West Indies.—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beale, Miss G. M. Bepley, Miss E. Belgrave, Miss J. Bircumshaw, Miss V. Brand, Mr. L. N. Constantine, Hon. Mrs. O. Cornwallis, Mr. H. M. Candall, Mr. L. D. Cunliffe, Mr. F. J. Curtis, Miss E. S. Davis, Rev. C. H. Edwards, Miss R. Elkington, Mr. K. Farnes, Mr. W. Farrimond, Major and Mrs. H. R. Glen, Mr. J. Le Glouanec, Mrs. B. Grant, Mr. A. C. Grant, Mr. W. R. Hammond, Mr. W. E. Harbord, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hendren, Mr. J. Hogan, Mr. W. E. Hollis, Mr. J. Iddon, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Leaf, Capt. T. H. Levick, Mr. M. Leyland, Miss M. Jorgensen, Miss H. M. Low, Mrs. M. Lund, Maj.-Gen. S. Macdonald, Mr. W. Macdonald, Mrs. B. M. Mann, Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Marshall, Mrs. L. C. Nicol, Mr. G. A. Paine, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Pughe, Mr. and Mrs. D. Pym, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. Redfern, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Relf, Rev. and Mrs. P. Richardson, Miss E. M. Rogers, Mrs. A. B. Sandry, Mrs. I. D. Singer, Mr. C. I. Smith, Mr. A. F. Stephens, Mr. D. C. Townsend, Comdr. and Mrs. E. C. Tyndale-Biacoe, Mr. J. S. Tyndale-Biacoe, Miss Wagstaff-Smith, Mrs. M. G. Weekes, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. K. W. Woolcombe-Boyes.

HOTELS—Continued

UNLICENSED

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel. (A quiet hotel) 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45, Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din., 3s. 6d.

LONDON.—Arlington House Hotel, 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed 35; Pens., from 53s. 6d. to 5 gns.

LONDON.—Artillery Mansions Hotel, Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15s. D., 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

LONDON.—Bickenhall Private Hotel. Very comfortable. Cent. Sit. 5 min. Baker Street, 5 min. Oxford Street. Welbeck 3401.

LONDON.—Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst., 8s. 6d. Tels.; Bonnington Hotel London.

LONDON.—Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1, near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Accom.: 230 Guests. Room, bath & Table d'Hôte Bkfst., 8s. 6d. Tels.; Aquacora, London.

LONDON.—Manor Hotel, 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2.—Bed., 75. Rec., 7. Pens., from 34 gns. single, from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

LONDON.—Norfolk Residential Hotel, 80/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

LONDON.—Palace Gate Hotel, Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8.—Tel.: Western 6093. Bed., 30. Rec., 3. Pens., from 34 gns. W.E., 30s.

LONDON.—Strathallan Hotel, 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30; Pens., from 24 gns. single, 5 gns. double. Ping pong, billiards.

LONDON.—Old Cedars Hotel, Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns. W.F. from 30/-; G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

LONDON.—Somers Paying Guest House, 55, Belize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10. Rec., 1. Pens., from 3 gns. Tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel, Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., from 24/-. Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/-. Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel. Keats Green.—Bed., 14. Rec., 3. Pens., from 34 gns. to 6 gns. W.E., 12s. to 15s. per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade, Bed., 80. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12s. 6d. per day.

SOUTH Uist, I.O.M.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 34 to 54 gns. W.E., 30/- to 55/-. Tennis, 5 mins. Golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30. Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E. 30s. Lun., 2s., Din., 3s. 6d. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

TORQUAY.—Nethway Private Hotel, Falkland Road.—Bed., 23. Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9s. per day. Golf. Tennis yachting, fishing, dancing.

TORQUAY.—Glen Devon Hotel, St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 24 to 34 gns. Garden. Tennis, Golf, 1 min.

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AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed, 100. Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

BELFAST,—Kensington Hotel.—Bed., 76; Rec., 5; Pens., 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins. Visitors' fees, 2/6. Botanic Gardens.

BLACKPOOL,—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate terms.

BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed, 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing pool, punts and canoes.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE,—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles; 3s. 6d. and 2s.; Yachting, fishing, hunting.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15s. per day. Golf, Trout fishing, riding, hunting.

CAMBRIDGE,—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 17s. 6d. per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CLOVELLY,—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec. 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, hunting, shooting, sea bathing, boating.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10s. Golf, hunting, shooting, boating, putting green, tennis.

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ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed, 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W. E., £2 15s. Lun., 3s. 6d. Din., 5s. Boating.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed, 66. Rec. 6. Pens., from £3 5s. Lun., 3s. Tea., 1s. 6d. Din., 5s. Tennis near, Golf near.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed, 25. Rec., 6. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14s. to 16s. per day. Tennis Courts. Golf, Swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed, 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25s. Golf, 1 mile, 6s. per day. Tennis, bowls.

HAYWARDS HEATH, SUSSEX.—Birch Hotel. Bed., 23; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. to 4½ gns. Golf, hunting, fishing, bathing, billiards.

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MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10s. W.E., £1 7s. Golf, 1 mile. Swimming.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Northumberland.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street, Bed, 70. Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36s. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

OCKHAM, Surrey.—The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4s. 6d. Tea, 1s. 9d. Din., 6s. Golf, Eppingham, Weybridge.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel, Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

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SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns. W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SIDMOUTH,—Belmont Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive for 3 days. Cricket, hunting, bathing, tennis, golf.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire. —Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed, 18. Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

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WALTON-ON-NAZE,—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

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UNLICENSED

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EASTBOURNE,—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed, 15. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 10s. 6d. per day. Golf, Tennis. Winter Garden.

EDINBURGH,—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, fees from 2s. 6d. Fishing, tennis.

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FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimbome Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2; Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns. W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; 5/- (Aug., Sept.).

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel, Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Props. 'Phone. 141.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchhall Street, Charing Cross. Bed., 110; Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 15/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GOSWOLD, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf, 4 miles. Hunting, fishing.

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The Budget and Industry

(By Our City Editor)

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN has described his assessment of national income and expenditure this week as "a poor man's Budget." Unfortunately that is the best that can be said of it, for the Chancellor has granted reliefs in taxation which are little more than futile viewed from the standpoint of the nation's industry. A year ago, it is true, income tax standard rate was reduced from 5s. to 4s. 6d. in the £, but this rate is still a tremendous burden on industry and one which directly causes unemployment and hinders progress, now built so largely on a domestic foundation. "Confidence," said the Chancellor on Monday, "is the mother of enterprise." To what extent would enterprise not have been born afresh by the confidence which a reduction in the standard rate of tax to 4s. in the £ would have engendered?

No volume of tributes to the small taxpayer, but only a big reduction in unemployment, will bring in the votes required to keep the Socialists out of power at the next General Election, and had the Chancellor's estimates erred a little on the side of enterprise, few would have dared to take him to task. As it is, with income tax based on the increased earnings which the year 1934-35 brought, it is probable that a big surplus will result to add insult to the injury done to the investor who has to pay 4s. 6d. in the £ tax with British Government stocks yielding under 3 per cent. gross. Powers are to be taken to convert the 3 per cent. Local Loans when practicable, so that evidently the craze for cheap money has not yet abated. The past year's surplus has been achieved entirely by a reduction in National Debt charges and by the increased income tax yield. No further evidence is needed to show which classes are entitled to relief.

The Future of Tin

The resignation of Mr. John Howeson from the boards of the Anglo-Oriental Mining Corporation and the London Tin Corporation is for a variety of reasons an important move, but the only question which need concern the City at the moment is that of the future of Tin Restriction, in which scheme Mr. Howeson was from the first a key figure. There have been many attacks in the House of Commons and elsewhere on the Scheme and it has even been suggested in the Press that the end of the current year will see the breakdown of the Plan. But though Government in these days are inclined to treat covenants and obligations lightly, there is little to suggest that the Restriction Scheme will not run its course to the end of 1937, whatever may happen to it after that. All the disturbances in the commodity markets in connection with the gambling in pepper and shellac weakened the Tin position and brought in the Bears, but once it is felt that Tin control is entirely divorced from

speculative interests, the support of the British, Dutch and Bolivian Governments for the Scheme should be sufficient to ensure stability. The only factor which might encourage the Bears is the realisation that future restrictionists may be content with a slightly lower price for the metal in order to minimise its substitution, especially in U.S.A., by other metals, and to discourage smuggling. But, above all, it must be borne in mind that the scheme itself is water-tight and only efficient operation is needed to ensure that it will achieve its aims.

Eagle Oil Dispute

The dispute between the Mexican Eagle Oil Company and the local Petrolera Company in Mexico over the latter's claim for a total sum of £2,000,000 in respect of oil extracted from certain lands in Amatlan has taken a slightly more satisfactory turn. The Mexican authorities decided that the Eagle Oil Company would have to deposit the whole sum *in gold* in Mexico City before an appeal could be made to the Supreme Court. Now, however, the company's bond provided through two Mexican banks has been accepted, so that the Appeal can proceed. It should not for a moment be imagined that the company's troubles are thereby removed, for the Eagle Company has still to fight an appeal against a £2,000,000 judgment given on what would appear to be preposterous grounds. But the acceptance of the bond does show that the Mexican authorities have been made to realise that even the foreign capitalist worm will turn against purely confiscatory measures.

E. K. Cole

The 5s. shares of E. K. Cole, Ltd., have enjoyed a big rise recently from about 15s. to 25s. 6d., but even at this high level their merits should not be overlooked. Last year the company earned over 70 per cent. and paid 20 per cent. in dividends, and the next accounts for 1934-35 are likely to show considerably higher profits, so that a dividend of 30 per cent. for the year, which will involve a final payment of 20 per cent., seems assured. The business of radio manufacturers is, like the motor-car industry, a speculative one, since success depends upon production of popular models in the face of severe competition. In the past year, "Ekco" sets have proved highly popular and the company is looking ahead in securing an arrangement with a new company for the exploitation of television largely, it is understood, in connection with the possibilities which exist for television in the film world. The last balance sheet showed cash in hand amounting to £185,000 and as the result of the past year's trading and a sound financial policy, this balance is likely to be very much higher in the next accounts.

CINEMA

FARCE OF
THE AIR

By Mark Forrest

ONE of the most popular French pictures of last year has been secured by the management of the Curzon and makes its appearance there this week under the title of *Skylarks* with two French comedians, Noel-Noel and Fernandel, who are well enough known in the theatre, but new to the screen, in the leading rôles.

The film is a curious one because it falls into two distinct parts, neither of which has much connection with the other. The first half deals with the adventures of Aircraftsman Ademai, played by Noel-Noel, when he returns to the farm on leave to resume his courting of Marguerite, who has a warm corner in her heart for all aircraftsmen. His suit does not prosper and he is dragooned by the farmer and his wife into becoming engaged to their daughter.

Thus far the film is rather slow, the idea not particularly amusing and the cinematic invention pretty stagnant, but with the return of Ademai to his unit the picture begins to acquire pace and when, in order to escape from further leave during which he feels the farmer and his wife would certainly inveigle him into marriage, he volunteers to take a pilot's course, the film is set for one of the most amusing sequences which has ever been put on the screen.

Admirable Contrast

It is here, more than half way through the story, that Fernandel, as Aircraftsman Michelet, makes his appearance. He also is taking a pilot's course; each take the other for the instructor and it is not until they are circling round the aerodrome with no clear idea of how to land that they discover to their mutual chagrin the true state of affairs.

The shy and somewhat pawky humour of Noel-Noel in this sequence is admirably contrasted with the frenzied abandon of Fernandel, and each foot has been carefully built up to produce a titter which grows and grows until there is nothing left to satisfy one's craving to laugh but a whole-hearted guffaw. This sequence is so good that it is a great pity that what precedes it should be so mediocre and that, after the great flight is over, no real attempt is made to buttress up the opening half of the picture.

The supporting films are short, numerous and interesting, and for those who are enquiring laymen one of them deals with the mechanics of the cinema, explaining the working of the sound track and other major mysteries.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981

VICKI BAUM'S

"LAC AUX DAMES" (A)

(Martin's Summer)

with SIMONE SIMON

and Viennese Prize Film "ZERBROCHENE" (U)

OPEN GOOD FRIDAY—6 to 11 p.m.

BROADCASTING

THAT B.B.C.
ACCENT

By Alan Howland

DURING the last ten years or so a superstition has been gaining headway among the untutored public that the standard pronunciation of the English language is to be found in its most perfect form at Broadcasting House. There is a Pronunciation Committee which, under the leadership of such eminent Britons (I should like to say "Englishmen" but honesty forbids) as Mr. Bernard Shaw, Professor Lascelles Abercrombie and Professor Lloyd James, decides with a pretty show of authority where stress should be placed in "Korsakoff" and whether the second "g" in "egg" is hard or soft.

The innocent public must not be blamed for thinking that, with the guidance of such authoritative linguistic specialists, it may be sure of a well of pure and undefiled English in Portland Place, even if it be only an artesian well.

Verbal Tortures

That the public is foolish to place this childlike faith in the decisions arrived at by this fortuitous agglomeration of pedants is sad enough. That the decisions so arrived at should be promulgated by the announcers is little short of tragedy. Nobody but a student and lover of pure English can appreciate the tortures that a simple word like "butter" has to suffer by the time it has been pre-digested by the Committee and ejaculated by one or other of the announcing staff.

This portentous collection of experts in anything but speech is not solely to blame; the announcers must take their share. They, and they only, are responsible for the existence of the "B.B.C. accent." It stands to the everlasting credit of the British film industry that it will not tolerate this hideous affectation and that it looks askance at any aspirant to film fame who has at any time been on the salary list of the B.B.C.

For Example

In the old days at Savoy Hill it was the peculiar pride of the announcer that he spoke his mother-tongue accurately and without pedantry or blemish; it was for that reason that he received his appointment. Nowadays it seems to be beyond the powers of the most junior announcer, to say nothing of his seniors, to state that the next part of the program will consist of an Oprah by Puccineh, relayed from the Elbert Horl and will be repeated in the Empah program to IndiarandAfricker, without committing at least half a dozen anpahdonable solecisms. This probabliah sounds harsh, but I find it difficult to acquiesce in the mutilation of my mothah-tongue by a bunch of underpaid officials who should know bettah. And if I want to speak my mahind I shell speak my mahind.